

H. C. Burleigh Papers

Radcliffe

Loc 2500

Trunk 120

50 pgs.

Archives, 09:56 AM 10/20/03 -0400, Fw: RADCLIFFE/RADECLIFFE GENEALOGY

From: "Archives" <archives@post.queensu.ca>
To: <gfb@post.queensu.ca>
Subject: Fw: RADCLIFFE/RADECLIFFE GENEALOGY
Date: Mon, 20 Oct 2003 09:56:22 -0400
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2800.1158

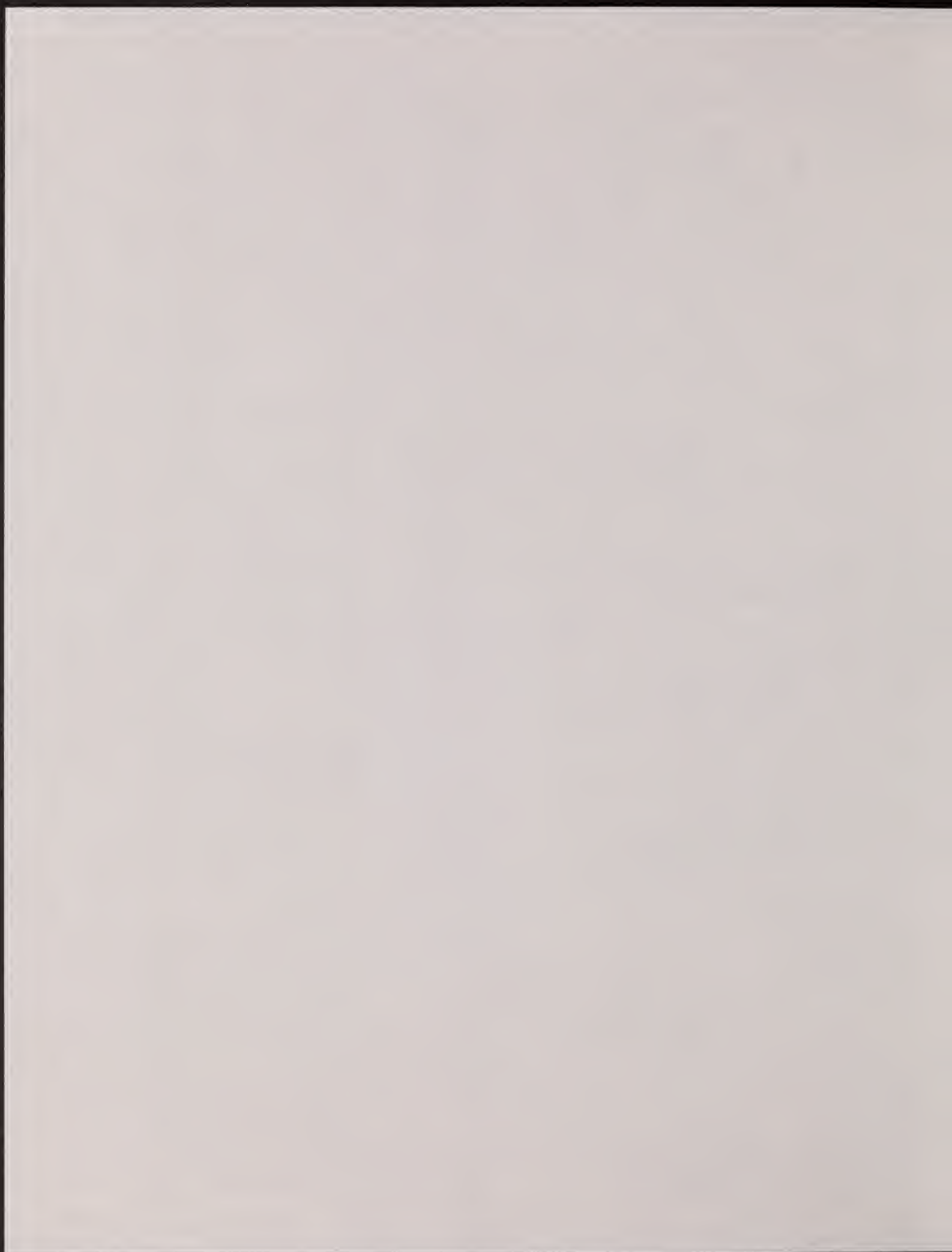
----- Original Message -----

From: Alberta Crossley
To: archives@post.queensu.ca
Sent: Friday, October 10, 2003 8:23 AM
Subject: RADCLIFFE/RADECLIFFE GENEALOGY

Your Burleigh Fonds indicate that you have information on the Radcliffe Family in Ontario. I, too, am a Radcliffe living in Manitoba and attempting to do my family tree. My Great Grandfather was Thomas David Radcliffe, apparently born in Ireland about 1832 and of Scottish origin, emigrated to Ontario sometime prior to 1855 and married Jennet McNaughton in London. He lived in Granton for some years and moved to Wiarton in 1886 and died there in 1887. I am trying to establish who his parents and siblings were and whether or not they came to Canada.

Could you advise me what type of information your fonds show on the Radcliffes, so I can determine whether or not I should attempt to have these records photocopied. My e-mail address is alberta@mb.sympatico.ca and thanks in advance for any information.

Alberta Crossley



HISTORY OF THE RADCLIFF FAMILY

By

STEPHEN E. RADCLIFF

A. D. 1919

INTRODUCTION

When I started this history I thought it would be a short and easy affair, but as I came to the later part, that I knew more about, it kept branching out. I also intended it exclusively for Radcliffs and their wives, but as the history came into my own life, I found there were many others with other names that were more worthy of mention than some Radcliffs. So I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing in a name when a rose by any other name will smell as sweet.

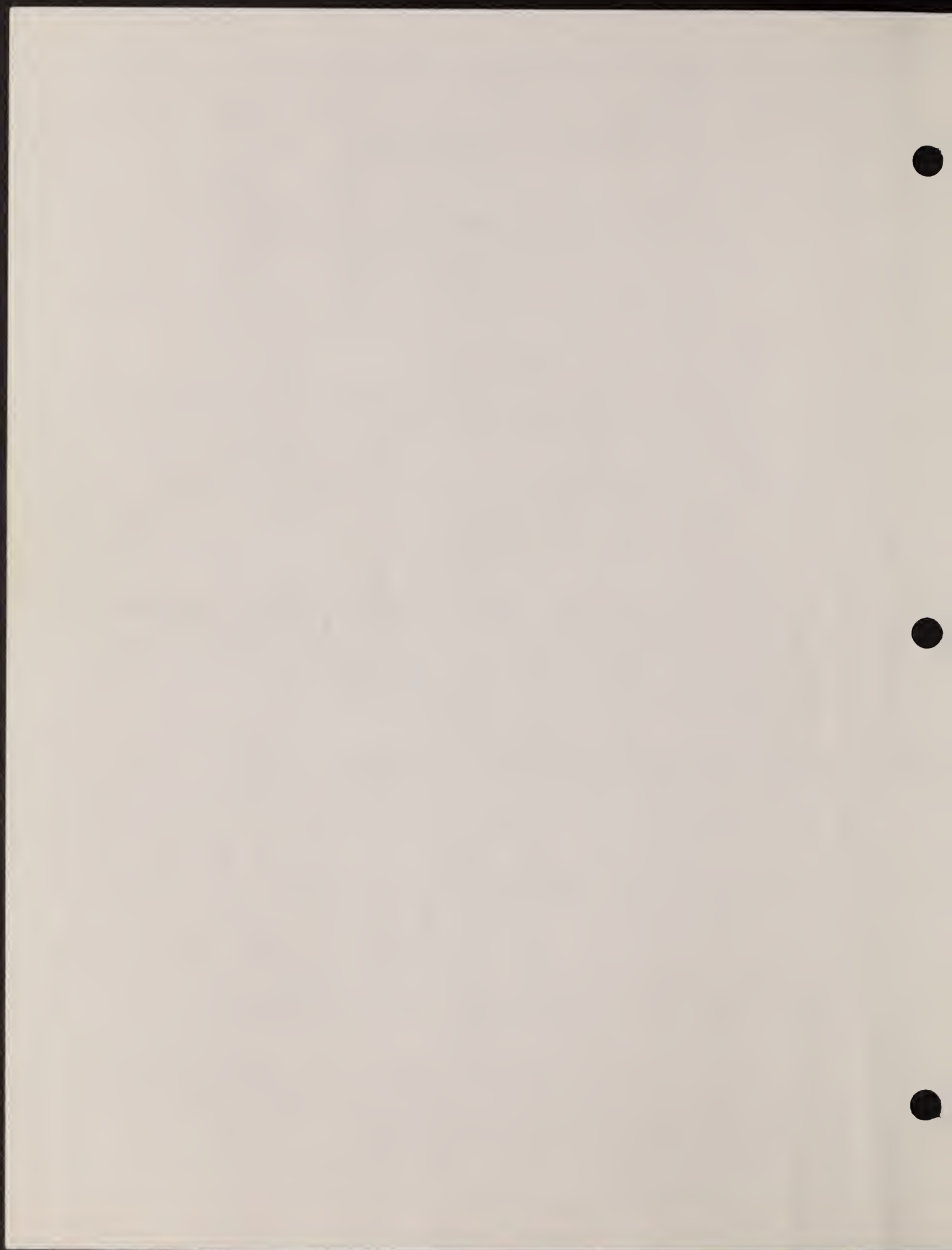
HISTORY

In the year A. D. 985 when Ethelred was King of England and the Anglo-Saxons had the upper hand, Sir Knight Radclyffe escaped from Germany with the royal child, Otho, and settled in Northumberland, England. He was an Anglo-Saxon. He acquired a great deal of property during his lifetime. After a few hundred years the property increased to twenty-six estates, notable among which was Dilstone Castle. These estates were then entailed for five hundred years on the eldest son. The settlement was made in the year 1712.

In the year 1687 Edward Radclyffe, eldest son of Sir Francis Radclyffe, married Mary Tudor of part royal blood. The Radclyffe family was then given one quarter of the royal arms for a coat of arms, the lion rampant on a field of stars, which we still have. Our crest is a bull's head, which comes from the old knight. Our motto is: Spectemur a gendo (We are known by our deeds).

In 1688 King James II made Sir Francis Radcliffe first Earl of Derwentwater. At his death Edward, his eldest son, became second earl and at his death, James, his eldest son became third earl. Family tradition tells us that we have descended from the younger lineage of the Derwentwater family, and that Honorable William in the church, fourth son of Sir Francis Radclyffe, was our English ancestor. It also says that he got preferment in the church, meaning the English, or established church. Sir Francis's wife was Catharine Fenwick of Meldone. Honorable William was born about 1650 and died 1732. Stephen Radcliff, our first Irish ancestor, was born 1676 and died 1732, so he was quite a boy when he emigrated.

Now I start to copy the written record by the Reverend Richard Radcliff, nephew of the above Stephen, but would mention first that they changed the spelling of their name from Radclyffe to Radcliff, to distinguish themselves from the titled part of the family who adhered to the royal Stuarts.



Doctor Stephen Radcliff came to Ireland in the time of William III, Prince of Orange, with Primate Bolter, whose chaplain he probably was. He became Vicar of Naas. He married Miss Smythe of Port Lick Castle, County West Meath. He had three sons, Stephen, Richard and Thomas. The two elder boys married into high families in the County Wicklow and Monaghan and had large families.

THOMAS: [* The Judge] My great-grandfather - married Annie Rothwell on January 10, 1756. They had four sons and one daughter, John Travers, Stephen, Richard and Thomas. My great-grandfather Thomas became an LLD and Judge of the Consistorial Court.

My history will now take the form of four branches, A. for the first son, B. the next, C. the next and D. for the youngest son. I will follow each branch in rotation to the end.

BRANCH A. [* The Judge's oldest son]. The Reverend John Travers Radcliff was born 1757. He married Matilda Garnett about 1781. They had one son Tom, born 1782. He was known as "Tom, the Marine". Tom married Elizabeth Armstrong in 1824. They had two sons, Thomas and John. Thomas was born in 1825.

THOMAS married Georgina McKenna, daughter of the Reverend William McKenna. This was about 1850. Then they came to the United States. They had five sons and one daughter, Mina. Sons names: William Thomas, Armstrong, Henry Herbert, Frederick Percy, Walter George. All died unmarried except Frederick Percy who married Josephine Stone Stark. They had one son, Frederick Percy, Jr. who married Elsie Goodwin, and they have one daughter, Elizabeth Stark.

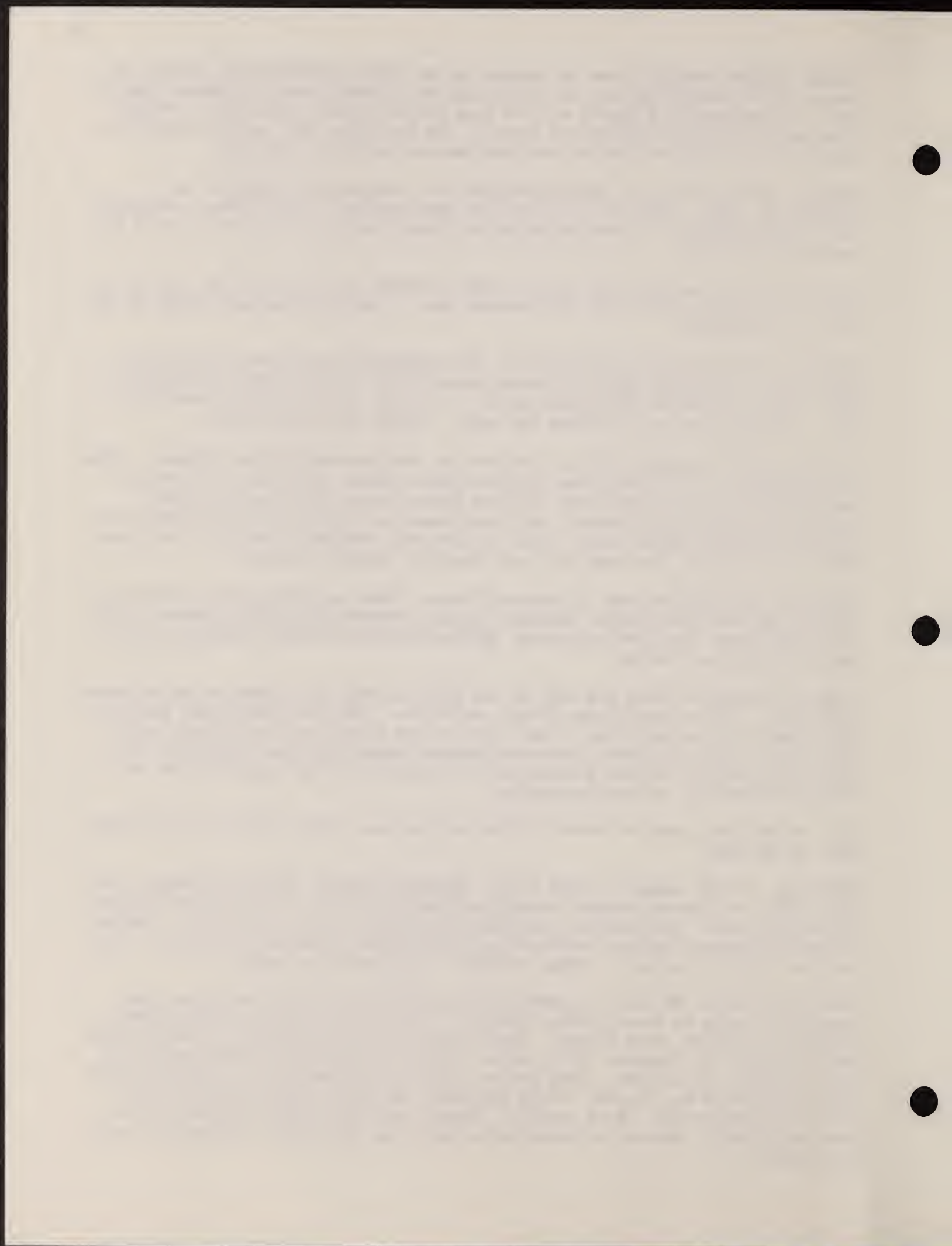
JOHN was much younger than his brother Thomas, being born about 1836. They all settled for good in Detroit, Michigan and John married Elizabeth McKenna. They had three sons. Two died unmarried, William married Harriett Sinclair, but we cannot trace them further.

I was in Detroit in 1910 and went to see Mina in their old homestead on Lafayette Boulevard. I also saw William Thomas and Walter. William Thomas died two days after, and it is a sad thing to note that he was buried on his birthday which took place fifty-nine years before at Redford Lodge, Michigan, August 10, 1851. The family came to Detroit shortly after and went into the business known as McKenna & Radcliff, wholesale grocers.

Tom, the Marine, came to Detroit in his old age, and lived with his son for the rest of his life.

BRANCH B. [* The Judge's second son]. Reverend Stephen, Rector of Skrene, was born 1758. He married Mattie Mitchell of Castle Strange. They had six sons and three daughters. Tom, Stephen and Edward died young. Ann an old maid. Mattie married her cousin Godfrey Featherston, had children and lived in Dublin. Jack married, Richard bachelor, Arthur married. Elizabeth died young.

COMMODORE JACK [* My Dad's grandfather on his mother's side - see notes from Aunt Edith Davis at back of this section]. Born 1794, married Augusta Murray, daughter of General John Murray. They came to Canada and lived at Drummondville near the Falls of Niagara, for a while. They then settled at Oakum Lodge, six miles from St. Catharines. They had two sons and six daughters. Miss Elizabeth Radcliff married Mr. Jarvis. Effie married. Henrietta unmarried, Searle married. Sydney married. Kate married. Edward died unmarried. Frederica Jane remained single. She was a daring horsewoman; she often rode my three year colt, Black Bess.



After the Commodore died, beloved by everyone, the farm, Oakum Lodge, 250 acres, also all stock, goods and chattels, were sold and the proceeds divided in equal shares with all the children. Frederica went to Cleveland for a short time, then took up office work in Detroit. She became an expert at drawing deeds with a pen and also with the typewriter when they came into use. She was generous with her money, bought real estate and now lives in her own house at Highland Park, Michigan.

I forgot to mention the Commodore entered the British Navy quite young as a midshipman having a commission. He was all around the world and it was at Demarara he met General Murray and his daughter, where the sun is straight overhead at noon, making it the hottest place on earth.

I went to visit the Radcliffs at their farm home, the Lodge, in 1870 where I met the Commodore, aged 76, who I found to be a most courteous and polished gentleman, having all the marks of a Royal Navy man. He used to walk in front of the chimney piece as he sipped his gin, saying: "I am walking the quarter-deck".

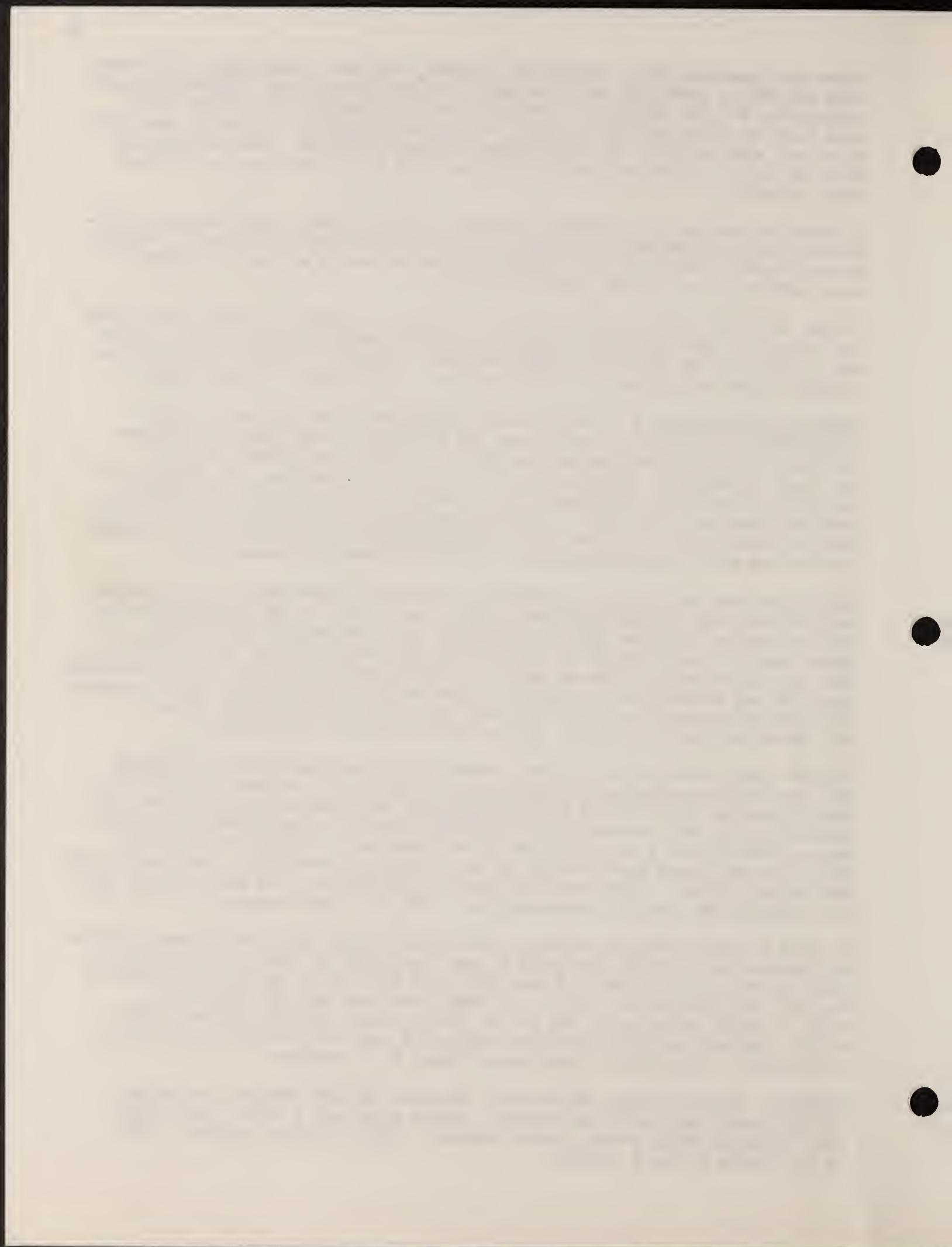
BRANCH B - Generation 5 - Searle Slade Radcliff was born 1836 and married Nannie Groome, daughter of Tom Groome and Miss Warren, at Adelaide in September 1862. They had two boys and two girls. Maggie, the eldest, married Mr. Brady of Detroit. They had one son. She is a widow now. The oldest son, Arthur Sheridan, born 1868 died at 13. Second son Harry Groome, born 1870, married Florence Irene Cudney. They had two boys, Franklin and Jack. They all live in Kansas City. She was a St. Catharines girl. Lena, the second daughter, is sick now and in her mother's care. The last names are Generation 6.

Searle was head and front of everything on the farm, took care of the financial affairs and kept the home together until it was sold. He was a member of the Welland Battery and took part in the battle with the Fenians at Fort Erie. He moved with his family after the sale of the farm to Cleveland, Ohio, but in a year or two returned to Canada and took up his abode in the city of St. Catharines where he was overseer for a number of years on the Welland Canal, and afterwards took up the ice business. His sad death took place at the age of 76 in St. Catharines August 5, 1912. Searle was the flower of the flock.

ARTHUR - Jack's brother in Ireland, became a keen sportsman and was a famous shot on the wing with the old flint-lock fowling piece. He also acquired the art of shooting with the old English long-bow, as archery clubs were very fashionable in his day. He married Miss Perkins, and had a large family of whom I have no record, but I know that two of his sons came to Canada about thirty years ago and stayed a while with the St. Catharines Radcliffs. Their names were Arthur and Godfrey. They went from there to New Mexico. One went into the mining business and the other storekeeping. They were both unmarried.

In 1912 I wrote to William Radcliff, Arthur's youngest son, for information about my Grandmother Mitchell, and after a long time I got an answer from his son in Ireland, saying his father had been dead some time and he had sent my letter to the Rev. Sam Radcliff in France. He wrote to me and sent my letter to Susan Radcliff in Ireland. She was my first cousin, my Uncle Stephen's only child. She gave me the information wanted and sent me a crayon picture of my grandmother. This is all I know about Branch B. in Ireland.

BRANCH C. [* The Judge's third son]. Reverend Richard Radcliff, third son, was the chief compiler of my records. He was born July 9, 1759. He married Miss Symons of Bally Arthur, County Wexford. They had three children. This is all I know of the C. Branch.



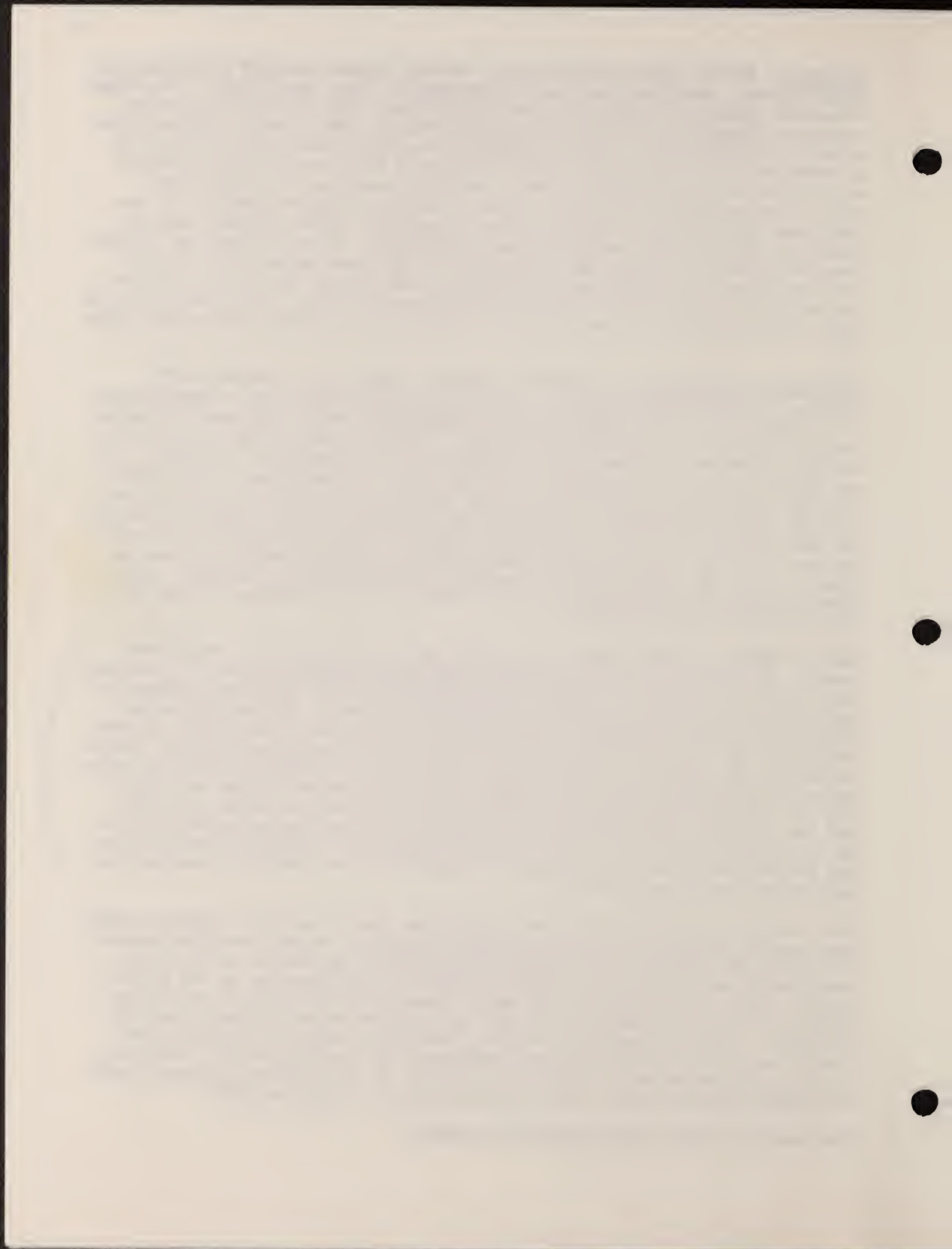
BRANCH D. [* The Judge's fourth son]. The Rev. Thomas Radcliff of Clermethen, County Dublin, near the city, was born October 31, 1765 (died 1834). He married Elizabeth Mitchell of Castle Strange (1771-1853). They had four sons and two daughters, Thomas [* The colonel], Stephen [*Rev.], John [*Rev.], William [*The major], Nancy, Mary Ann. He was Prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral and rector of a number of livings (churches) where he employed curates as he preached mostly at St. Paul's. He was for a number of years Secretary of the Agricultural Society and was sent to Flanders to make a report on Flemish farming. It was published in book form, of which I have a copy now. After his sons came to Canada he edited a book called "Authentic Letters". It was composed of letters from Tom McGrath, his boys and my mother. He then made up his mind to visit the boys in the backwoods, but while making ready he was taken ill and died at the age of 68, a very much beloved man by all who knew him. His widow lived the rest of her life with her son, the Rev. Stephen, and died when over eighty years old.

BRANCH D. - Generation 4 - [*The Rev. Thomas's oldest son, "The Colonel"] Thomas, the eldest, was born 1794. When he was eighteen he got a commission in the British Army. His regiment was the Enniskillen Foot. They were ordered to Canada, as war was on there with the U.S.A., but was recalled and sent to Spain. He fought nineteen battles under Wellington and was advanced to a captain. He was shot in the arm at the battle of Quatir-Bras, and sent home on sick leave, thus escaping the Battle of Waterloo when Napoleon was knocked out for the war in 1815. After the captain recovered from his wounds he got a good position in the penitentiary. He then married Miss Sarah Armstrong, a daughter of an army surgeon. They had five sons and three daughters, some in Ireland and some in Canada, Tom, Jack, Elizabeth [*who became my greatgrandmother Adamson], Beck, Florinda [*Annesly and Kitty Burroughs' mother], Willie, Stephen [*Arthur and Ethel Radcliff's father], Dick.

Captain Thomas Radcliff sailed on the 21st of May, 1832 with his family for Canada. My father and family went with him, but more about him anon. This was the year of the cholera and Beck died in Toronto, as the family was obliged to stay there until there was a home got ready in the west. So the Captain went forward to the London district where grants of land were to be had for officers. He took up six hundred acres and bought more in the Township of Adelaide, County Middlesex. He built a large log house on the farm that formed part of the future village of Adelaide, and got his family well housed before the mud and winter came on. The following year he had fifty acres chopped and logged, and had a building erected in the village that answered for church and schoolhouse where he read service until there was a minister appointed. By 1834 all the land in the township was taken up or bought, so they had a busy time "with chopping and logging and God knows all what".

When McKenzie's Rebellion broke out in 1837 the Captain raised a regiment called the "Western Rangers" of which he was given command. He was also given command of the western frontier until Colonel Maitland took his place. He was then quartered at Amherstburg, and while there took the Schooner Ann on the 10th of January 1838. [* On April 1, 1839 Capt. Thomas Radcliff was advanced to Lieut.-Colonel. I had his commission but gave it to Upper Canada Village in July of 1963-HRY]. When the rebellion was over, the Colonel moved his family to Port Credit, near Toronto, where he was a member of the Assembly in 1840. [*In 1839 he was also summoned to the Legislative Council of the Province of Upper Canada; this paper also was given to Upper Canada Village in July 1963-HRY].

From now on I relate each generation by itself.

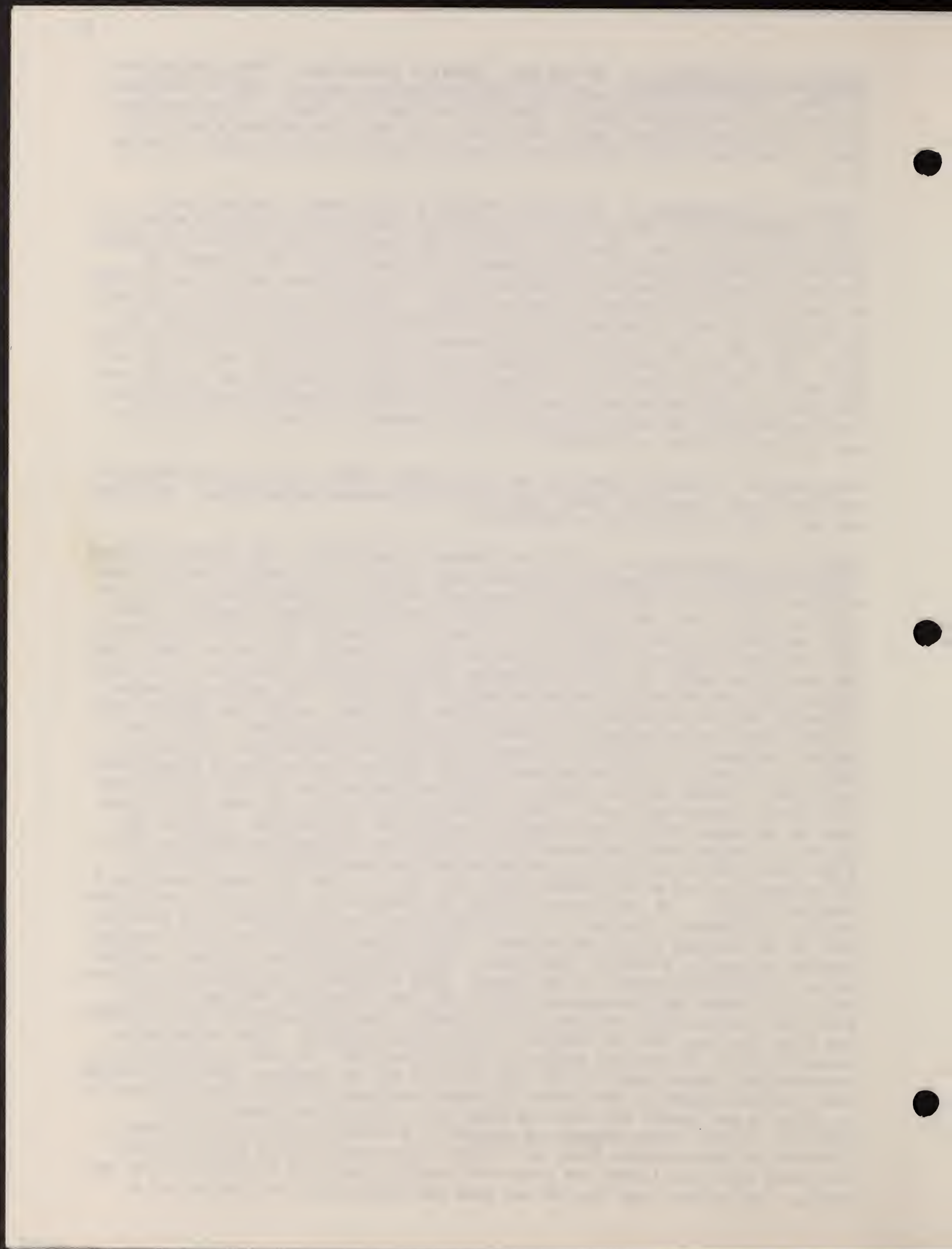


BRANCH D. - Generation 4. [*The Rev. Thomas's second son]. The next boy was Stephen. He was educated in Trinity College for the church. The Rev. Stephen married Miss Featherston Haugh. They had one daughter, Susan. They took care of my Grandmother Mitchell until her death. The Rev. Stephen was a man of six feet. He was very much beloved by his parishioners and died at about 70 years of age.

BRANCH D. - Generation 4. [*The Rev. Thomas's third son]. The next son, John, was born 1802. He was also educated for the church and married Miss Wall. They had one son, John. The Rev. John came to Canada in 1834 and was the first rector of Warwick Church, where he preached for two years. He returned to Ireland and preached there for some time. He came to Canada again, but his wife did not like the country and he had to return. To make money to set up his son in business he went to Australia and after accomplishing his object returned, but the son was a failure and lost the money, giving his father trouble all his life. But he still loved this worthless boy and gave him money again to go to Australia. The son wrote to him to say he was going to Canada, but as that was the last the poor father ever heard of him, he came to Canada in his old age to look for his only boy and a few days after arriving in Toronto he died at the age of seventy-eight years (1880).

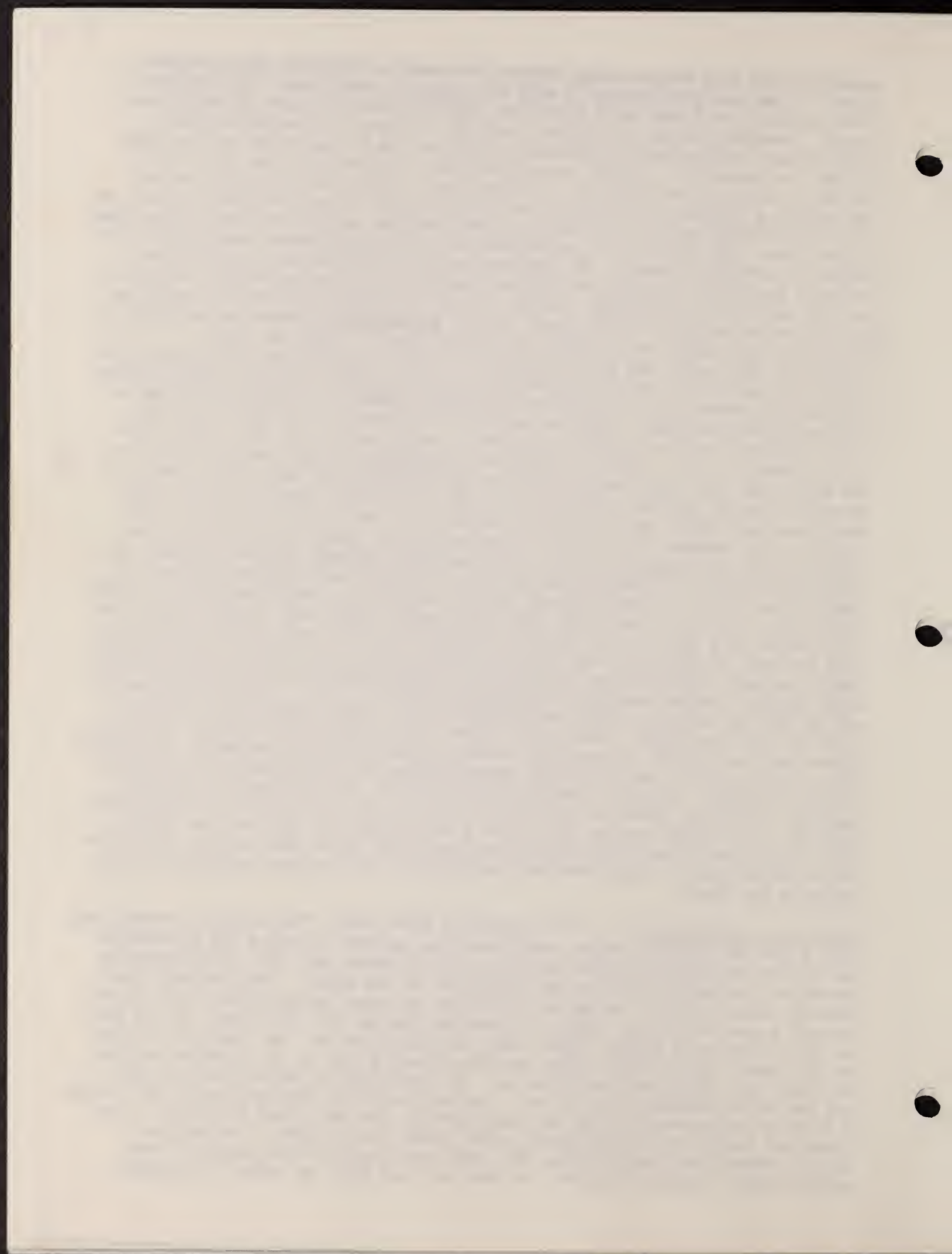
Nancy married Washington Edwards, and died a year after. She was the beauty of the family and played the Irish harp. Mary Ann married Major Phibbs. They had one son. Mary Ann lived to be very old.

BRANCH D. - Generation 4. [*The Rev. Thomas's fourth son]. My father, [*Major] William Radcliff, the youngest son, was born in 1806. His weight at birth was eighteen pounds, and he was always large and strong. At twelve years of age he and his brother John were placed at a French school in Bruges, Flanders, where they received all their instruction in French. Of course they had a few fights with the French boys at first, and always had the best of it, as the French are not taught the noble art of self-defense, like the English and Irish. The only thing my father feared in France was meeting the Host. This was a procession of Romish priests, carrying a large cross at the front, and if you did not drop on your knees in the mud when it passed by you were knocked down. After two years of school the boys returned home, very much in love with the polite manners of the French. William entered Trinity College with a view to going into the church. While there he became a very good sparrer (boxer) and could throw a fifty-six twenty-one feet. This was the best on record. He was also a good shot on the wing, but he loved most his horses and fox hunters. When he was nineteen he stood with his horse for an artist for a watercolor painting which I have now, and my son William, called after his grandfather, is to get it. The portrait is now in its ninety-fifth year and I value it at much more than a thousand dollars. At the time of taking the picture, by father rode, saddle and bridle, 240 pounds. The horse was remarkable as a weight carrier, and when he sold it he received a hundred guineas. When William Radcliff was 21 he married Rebecca Armstrong, sister of Tom's wife. She was educated in a ladies' college and was a brilliant player on the piano. They had three sons and four daughters, Mary [*who became my Greatgrandmother Gale], Tom, Elizabeth, William Francis [*my Dad's father-HRY], Rebecca, Fanny, Stephen Edward [*writer of this history]. The first two were born in Ireland. Tom died in babyhood. They emigrated to Canada in 1832, in the same ship with his brother Tom. It took seven weeks on the water and about three by boat and stage to get to Toronto, then called Little York. Mother stayed in York where Elizabeth was born. William Radcliff came on to Adelaide and bought 400 acres of bush land, with mother's money, price \$800.00. After a while Mother was brought in a wagon to people of the name of Lockwood on the Longwoods Road, and stayed there until William Radcliff had a log house built and teamed the goods and chattels from Port Stanley with his own horses. But by the time the job was done mud time was on, and Mother had a



dreadful time in a wagon coming through the woods to Adelaide with her young baby. I may say here that if I told all I knew it would make this history much too long, so I must skip along and only tell the main part of what transpired. Remember Father and William Radcliff are one, and the same William Radcliff got fifty acres chopped and logged, but as it took eight or ten years to get the stumps out, little farming was done. But he made good use of the horses by engaging Paul Philips, a little man, to carry the mail from London to Sarnia, a distance of 70 miles, two mails a week. When the rebellion came on Father was appointed to the command of the Adelaide company and went to the front in due time. The family came to Amherstburg, the headquarters, and stayed there while the rebellion lasted. The captain was kept busy seizing arms and disaffected Canadians. My brother William Francis and my sister Rebecca were born in 1834 and 1836 in Adelaide. Father, now Major Radcliff, moved his family to London for the winter of 1838-9 and then to Amherst Island where he was appointed by Lord Montcashel as his agent to collect rents. Fanny was born August 18, 1840 and I was born February 22, 1844. While on the Island the Major bought Mother a piano and a gold watch. He had a billiard table, boxing gloves, a yacht and horses, so the officers at Kingston found it a very nice place, as well as other young men. Mary was married to Robert Gale in 1847. She had a large family of boys and girls that were a credit to her, and she died at the age of seventy-nine. After ten years on the Island, having a mighty good time, the Major and his family returned to the farm in Adelaide and took up their abode in the old log house that Pat Mee had been paid to repair, but it would have been much better to have made a stable of it and build a new house. But the Major did wonders for an old country gentleman, and got the place fenced with oak, ash and basswood rails, splitting many hundreds of them himself. My brother Bill did the plowing, but the Major found it hard to make both ends meet as the grain he raised brought little money and groceries were high. Wheat brought 50¢, peas 40¢, oats 18¢, eggs 6¢ a dozen, butter 10¢, dressed beef 3 to 5¢, dressed hogs 4¢, hay not saleable except when a failure. On the other hand good tea cost \$1.00 a lb., bad 50¢, sugar 10 to 12¢, and cottons were all high. The Major made many mistakes in his life, entertaining too much, trying to raise stock without proper housing and letting the land run down. Brother Bill went off sailing at nineteen, which left Father in bad shape paying out so much in wages to fill his place. Father got better prices during the Crimean War, but London was the nearest railroad and market, twenty-five miles distant. My mother had a private school and taught her grandchildren in the rudiments of learning, as well as music. My dear, good Mother died at 72, in the care of my sister, Rebecca. The Major moved to Strathroy and lived with the Gales for a while, and later on in a rented cottage, but after I was married he came back to "Wills-grove" and after three years died at the age of 77 in the loving care of my wife. The Major had been a magistrate for forty years, and was much respected for his judgment and honor.

BRANCH D. - Generation 5. [* The Colonel's first son]. The Colonel's eldest son, Tom, after his father's death, soon grew into manhood and was a big six-footer. He came to Adelaide and tried farming at Mt. Clarence, and then storekeeping at Arkona with a partner who fed his family out of the store. Tom also made some foolish sales of land. He was a fine boxer, and when he met anyone that thought himself a good man, took delight in knocking him out just for love. But as soon as the wholesale in London closed down, the bubble burst. He then went sailing on the lakes. A few years after, my father made a sale of Mt. Clarence for Tom. My father got \$2000 for the 200 acres. It took \$1000 to pay off the mortgage and the other thousand went to Tom. His brother-in-law put more to it, and bought a share in a schooner and Tom was made captain. He was a good navigator on the lakes and turned out a good sailor, much better than a farmer. He married Alicia Rothwell and had one son, Tom, that died young and two daughters that married well. Captain Tom died, as near as I can tell, at fifty, in Clayton,



U.S.A. The reader will notice that Captain Tom's three children, already recorded, were Generation 6.

BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Colonel's second son]. John, the second son, was a big, fat good-natured fellow. He came to Adelaide with his brother Tom and tried the farm and stayed on it for a while after Tom went storekeeping. He married Mary Rowe of Adelaide Village. They had one son and three daughters. My father told a joke about John. One day in the fall of the year, Father was up at John's place and John was trying to catch a sheep to kill. After a lot of running, the sheep got away from the two fat men, and between puffs and gasps, John said: "I'd rather starve - than - run." Shortly after this he was appointed a custom house officer and was stationed at Chippewa and later moved to Wallaceburg, but he was doomed to premature death, for at the age of forty-two he burst a blood vessel and died. John was a good fellow with a perfect ear for music. He taught me to tune my violin in one lesson, and I will tell you about his daughter, the beautiful singer, later on.

BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Colonel's daughter - my Grandmother Gale's mother]. Elizabeth was sixteen when her father died. She and her mother started a ladies' school in Kingston, and when she grew to womanhood, she went to Samia and married George Adamson. When oil was struck in Oil Springs, they moved there. They had one son and four daughters. Elizabeth passed for a druggist and kept a drug store with the help of her daughter, Lucy, until shortly before her death, which took place in Adelaide in the care of her three daughters - age fifty-nine. She suffered for years before her death. She was very much beloved by the people of Oil Springs for her help to them in time of sickness and during her own long illness her fortitude was wonderful.

BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Colonel's daughter - Cousin Kitty's mother]. Florinda next, married Edwin Burrowes of Napanee, a lawyer. They had two sons and one daughter. After her husband died, Flo moved to Strathroy and later to Detroit, where her good son and daughter, Annesley and Kitty, provided her with every comfort until her death at the age of seventy-two.

BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Colonel's third son]. Stephen was the City Clerk of Toronto. He married Miss Kate Green, daughter of the rector of the Anglican church - St. Mark's - in Niagara-on-the-lake. They had two sons and one daughter. Stephen was a good business man and had a fine residence and money ahead, but died in little more than middle life. He was a great loss to his family as they were bad managers and soon lost all they had left them.

BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Colonel's fourth son]. Willie went to Fraser River and later to Oregon, U.S.A. He married a widow with a farm and a family. They had a son and daughter of whom I have no record. The last letter he wrote said his stepsons were better to him than his own son. He died at about age seventy.

BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Colonel's fifth son]. Dick, the youngest, got a situation in the customs and was stationed at Fort Erie. He was six feet tall, dark and very handsome. He married Miss Eliza Warren, and had one daughter. Later on he was moved to Goderich, Ontario where he is living yet. His wife turned out a perfect devil and led him the life of a dog. He went blind some years ago and was superannuated. He was very high up on masonry and also gets a pension from that society. He has a good boarding place in Goderich, and his grand-daughter, Miss Curzon living three miles out, looks after him. Luckily for him, his wife died about two years ago at the advanced age of over ninety years.

BRANCH D - Generation 6. I will now record the twigs at the end of Colonel Thomas' branch. I have already accounted for Captain Tom's children.

John's Annie became a lovely singer, being in great demand at church entertainments and when poverty came in at the door, she prevented love from flying out of the window by accepting money. She married Dallas Sisk and had one son and two girls. Dal was a funny fellow, and if anyone made the remark that the Radcliffs were an old family, he used to insist that Noah was a Sisk.

Elizabeth's one son married and died in Texas in middle life [I think his name was George and he married Lillian someone-HRY].

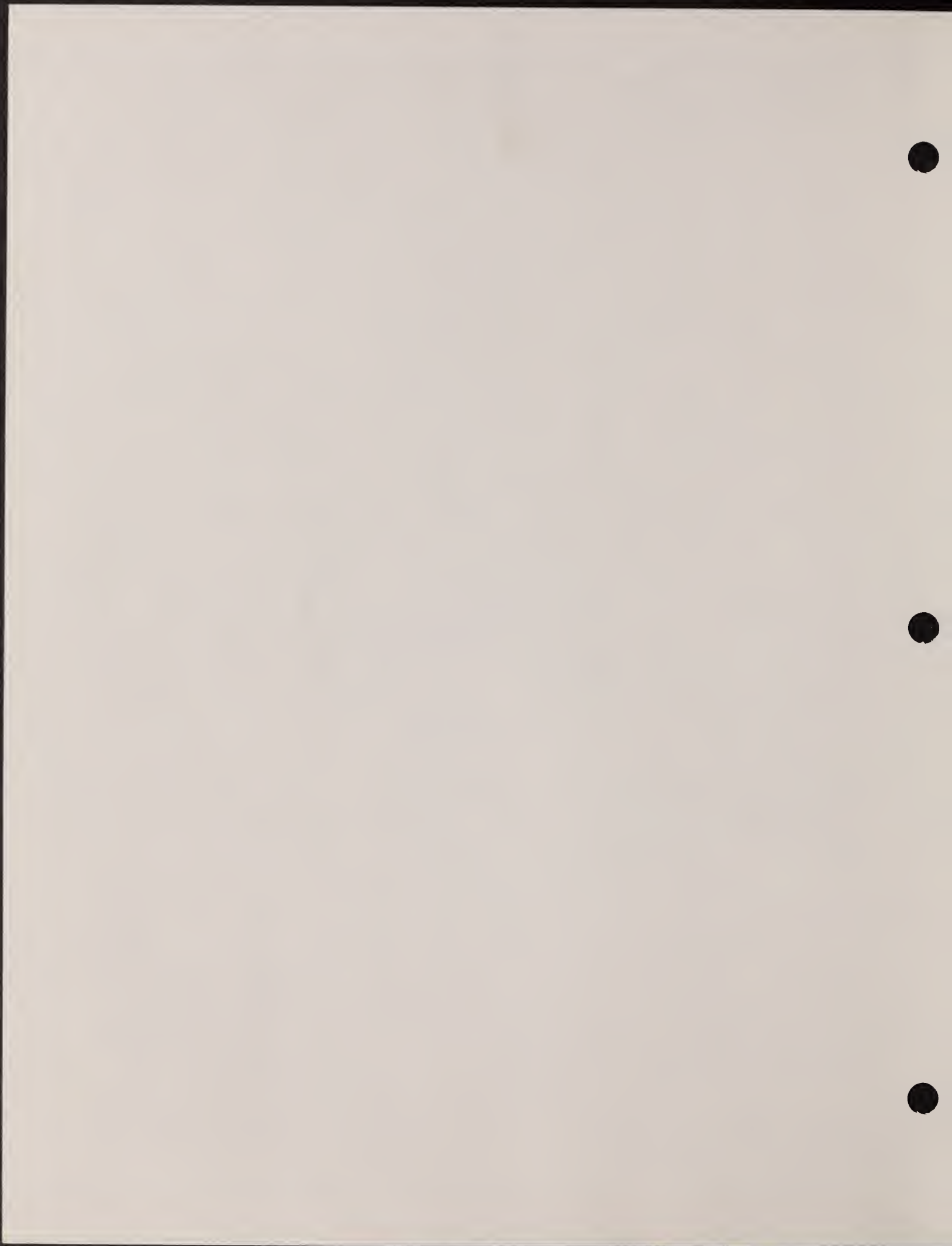
Sarah Ann, or Annie, married William Gale. Dora married Stephen Radcliff.

Lucy married Robert Sully of Buffalo. Harriet died young. They all married well, all had children and all live in Buffalo with plenty of this world's goods. Flo's two sons and one daughter were very clever. Annesley wrote for the newspapers, but the poor fellow has lost his sight lately. Kitty is a classical musician, having taken a course in Germany. Of Stephen's children Percy gave his parents a great deal of trouble, but he died when a young man. Ethel is living in Buffalo and makes her living as an advance agent. She has good manners, the "gift of the gab" and likes the business. Arthur is a good looking, has an office in Toronto, and is unmarried. Dick's one girl, Charlotte, was a great comfort to her father, and helped in a great measure to brighten Dick's life. She married Mr. Curzon and died four years ago. Her one daughter is a nice and good girl.

I entirely forgot Jack's other three children. In justice to Jack's widow, I must admit that she was left practically with nothing but the four hungry growing children. She moved to Oil Springs to be near her sister-in-law. We took Annie and the widow struggled on with the other three children for about ten years, but she was a wonderful manager. She then married Mr. Miller, a well-to-do farmer. Flo was very clever and soon made her own living in Sarnia, where she met George Dew, an English gentleman. They got married and had two sons. She is now a widow, living in Montreal with her surviving son George, in perfect affluence. Tom was sickly, but was a good honest fellow and would rather go without the requirements of life than leave a debt unpaid. He married and had three girls, and dropped dead in middle life. Minnie married George Pike, a bank man. They had a large family. She is now a widow and lives in Montreal in her own home, well provided for.

BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Major's first child] [*She became my Great-grandmother Gale-HRY]. My sister, Mary Ellen Radcliff, was born in Ireland on March 24, 1829. She came to Canada when three years old, with her parents.

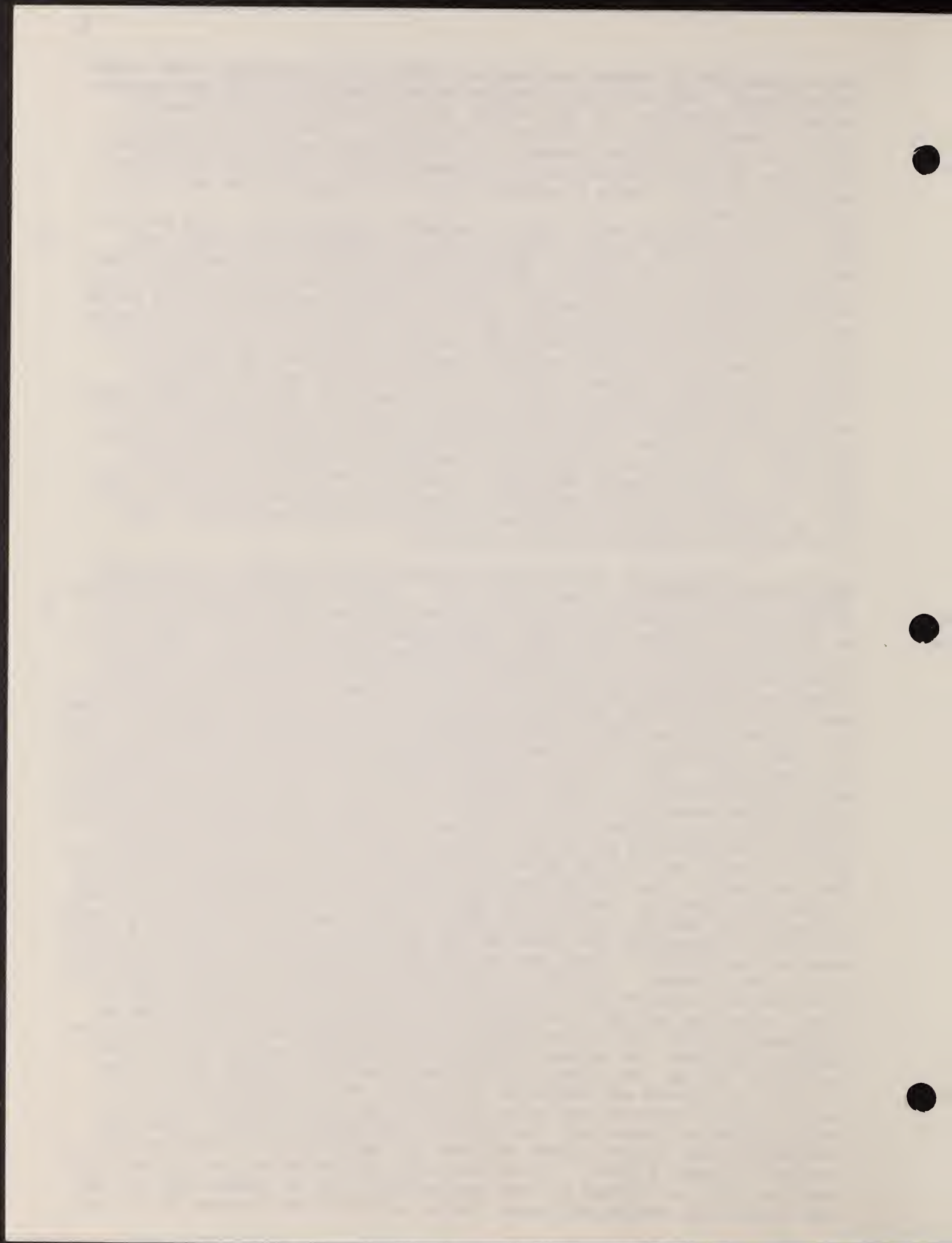
They settled in Adelaide township, but in 1839 moved to Amherst Island where she married Robert Leake Gale, a dark, handsome Englishman. They had a large family of which you will hear more. About 1862 they moved to Adelaide, Ont., and in a few years bought a farm. Mr. Gale died at age sixty-two, but the boys were big and strong, and Mary was able to pull through, with good management. They were very much behind at Robert's death, but Mr. Gale used to say he was like a cat - you might throw him up in the air any way you liked, but he would come down on his feet, and his descendants have had the same luck. Some time after poor Robert's death, Mary came into a fortune of \$10,000, the money coming from her husband's people in England. When the money came, Mary said to me: "This money belongs to Robert's children, although sent to me. I must be an honest trustee and take care of it". And so she did. Some time after she moved to Strathroy, leaving one son on the farm, and after getting two sons placed, one in a bank and the other in a drugstore, she moved to Windsor, Ont. and from there to Detroit, Michigan. By that time, the youngest boy got a situation, and Mary had Lucy and Fanny left. Lucy was the housekeeper and Fanny had a good business situation. They lived many years in Detroit, moving from



one spacious home to another, so they were always able to entertain their friends and relations. Mary continued to manage her own money matters and they succeeded under her management. At last she got very ill and died after a long and severe illness at the age of eighty in the year 1909. She was interred in the family lot in the Strathroy cemetery. Her bearers were her sons and grandsons. Mary Ellen Radcliff Gale was found to be worth \$15,000. after helping all her family more or less to make a start in life, and all made from the ten talents entrusted to her.

Tom, the Major's second child, died in babyhood. Elizabeth next. She was the mother of the "golden" branch. She was born in Toronto in August 1832, and while on a visit to her sister on Amherst Island was married to Frederick Tisdall November 15, 1851. They came to our place in Adelaide and stayed a year, then bought fifty acres and built on it. Although Fred got some help from his people in Bristol, he did not succeed very well. After some years, they sold out to the Gales and moved to Strathroy where they bought a lot and built a house with the money. It was not long until my sister took ill and died at the early age of thirty-seven years, November 3, 1869. The poor children were scattered as follows: The eldest, Rebecca Ann (Pearlie) got married. John went into a store. He took Helen, and Harry was raised and sent to school by the good Ivor family who lived in the house. Fred went railroading and got his leg broken and had a hard time. Later on he got some money from England and lost it in the cigar business. The next time he got money, he handed it over to John and took a pension. He died at his son's residence at the age of sixty-two, October 3, 1891. Mr. Tisdall was a remarkably handsome man and was always dressed well. Both these traits are stamped on all his offspring.

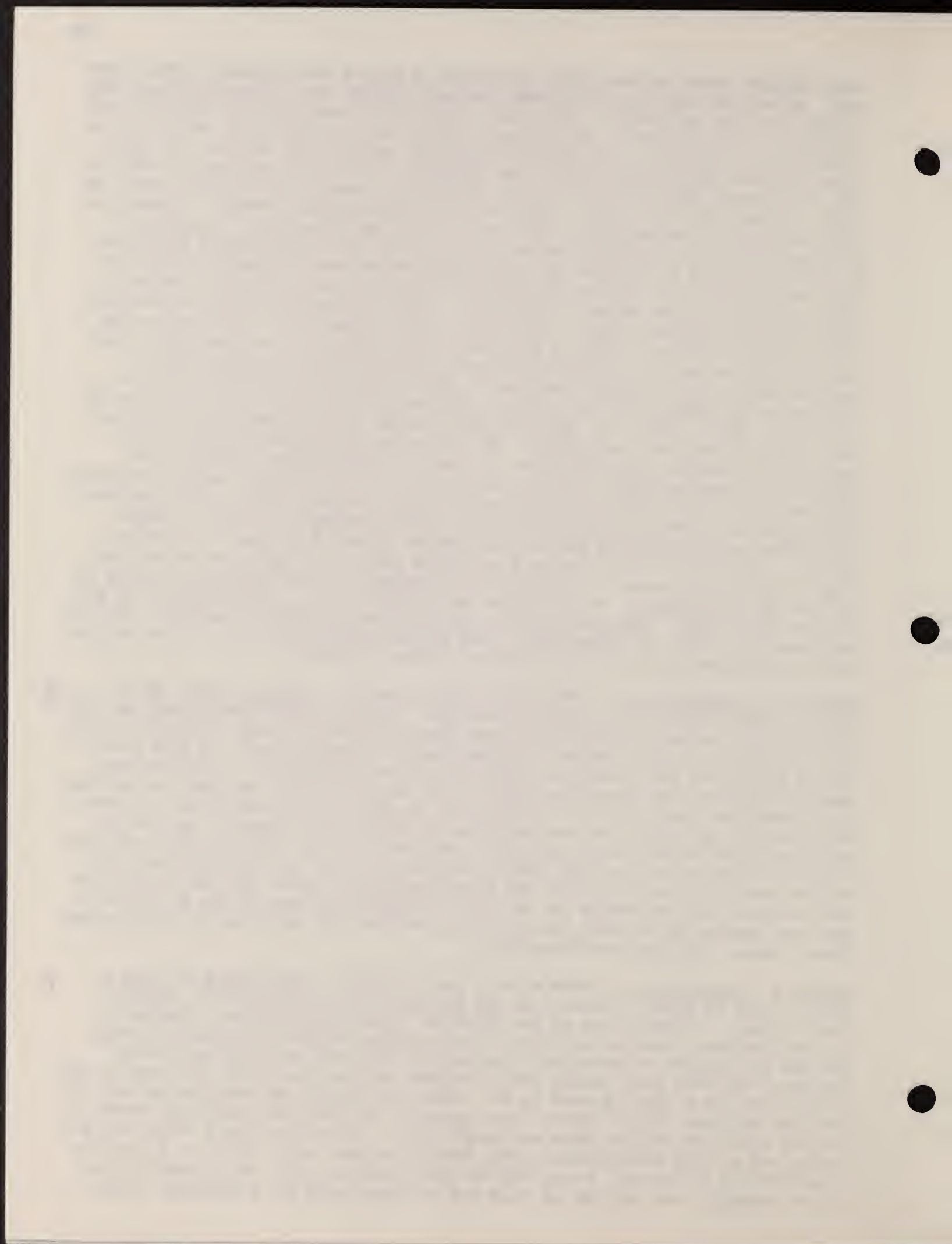
BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Major's fourth child - My father's father-HRY]. William Francis was born in Adelaide in 1834. When the family went to the Island he was sent to a grammar school in Coburg and received a fair education, but as my father had a rowboat and a yacht, Bill became infatuated with the water. The yacht was christened the Sans Souci, and Bill was appointed captain. My father taught him to spar and play billiards, but a spy came on the scene and through propaganda Father lost his situation, and we returned to the farm in Adelaide. It was a sudden change from affluence to poverty. Bill learned to plough at fourteen and soon he became an expert axeman and good rifle shot, killing four deer in all. W. F. made sap troughs, and he and Father made sugar and syrup from 300 maple trees for three years. As W. F. grew up he made little boats that would sail across a wide pond by themselves. When Mr. Allison heard about it he said he would make a square-rigged vessel that would beat W. F. 's schooner. The mill dam on the Sable, ten miles away, was chosen for the race, so the Adelaide and Warwick people had a picnic at the same time and place. Now W. F. was subject to cramps and Father gave him orders not to go in the water. When the eating was over the little sail boat was started. The Allison boat was a little behind at the center of the dam. A squall then came up. The Radcliff schooner sailed on at double speed, but the Allison vessel capsized, filled with water and went down in fourteen feet of water. Mr. Allison stripped all but pants and swam out and dived after his boat. A wood scow was then brought. Others swam to the scene, and poor W. F. could stand it no longer, and disobeyed. He dived to the bottom and brought up gravel. The worthless craft was recovered with a long boat-hook, and all the picnickers left for home. Father was very angry and gave W. F. a calling down. In haying time my unfortunate brother rode to the Sable with other horsemen and on the way home got kicked in the knee. Father was anything but pleased, and as soon as W. F. was better, he left us. He shipped at Port Stanley and shortly after, got his foot in a coil of rope and was hoisted up by one leg. He was so badly hurt that he had to be taken ashore at Port Hope. He made crutches for himself and got to Amherst Island and stayed with the Gales for four months; he went to Fort Erie and taught boxing for the winter, and came home in the spring. Mother gave him eighteen or twenty dollars. I drove him to Mt. Brydges and he took the train for New York. There he shipped for Cuba and Aspinwall, got the Panama fever and got home in the fall, shaking with ague. Mother and Father got medicine for him and



as he became better in the winter, he helped us chop a lot of land we were clearing. He was not well from that fever for over a year, but as soon as he got well he took the farm on shares. There was a failure of crops all over, so W. F. went off again. I drove him to the railroad station sixteen miles away, and this time he went to Charleston, S. C. where he sailed on coasters all winter. He then came north and sailed with Captain Tom Radcliff. In 1863 he returned to the farm and Father gave him fifty acres of woodland and the use of some cleared land. He built a square log home on it, which was called Squindingle Terrace. October 12, 1864 he married Kate Radcliff, fifth daughter of the Commodore. They lived a year on the farm, had a poor crop and went back to Kate's old home at Allensburg. I am sorry to have to say that my unfortunate brother was obliged to chop cordwood for a living that winter, but he was a great chopper, in proof of which I shall relate a contest we had in Adelaide. Bill and Armstrong Still were making staves for the Reverend Falls. Still was a fine chopper, too. So they went at it for three hours, Mr. Falls to give the winner a prize and be the judge. When the three hours were up, the wood measured, Falls declared them ties, as it measured one and five eights cords each. Two cords was a good day's work for any man in hard wood. So the prize was divided and Falls gave us all a lunch in the woods. About 1866 W. F. sold the land that he had the deed of and moved to Port Dalhousie and went on sailing. He next moved to Buffalo, bought a house and built a coaster, Kate having got her share of Oakum Lodge. He used the coaster for bringing scrap iron from Canada to the Buffalo roller mills. By 1870 Kate and W. F. had three sons (Bill was born 1834 and Kate 1844) - Armstrong born in Adelaide on December 6, 1865, John Hume (Jack) December 12, 1867 at Oakum Lodge [*My dear Father-HRY] and William Frances (Frank) September 28, 1870 in Buffalo. In 1871 W. F. contracted a cold from being too long in the water stopping a leak in his vessel. It turned to inflammation of the lungs and he died at the age of thirty-seven. He was buried at Stockdale, Ont., between Fort Erie and Niagara Falls, Ont. Kate died June 15, 1911 and was interred in Buffalo. She was sixty-seven. [Kate, my Grandmother, then married Richard Davis from Wales and had six more children; see the Davis Section of this book-HRY].

BRANCH D. - Generation 5. [*The Major's fifth child]. Rebecca (Beck), my unmarried sister, was born in Adelaide in 1836. When we were on the Island she went to her aunt's school in Kingston and was given instruction there that made her fit for a governess in later years. She was taught to pronounce all the hard words in the Bible, and could read that book as well as any minister. After we came back to Adelaide, she played the organ in St. Anne's Church. She used to lead the young people at their games at parties, and do all kinds of good deeds that made her a general favorite. She was very good to little Helen Tisdall, and was the mainstay of our mother until the days of her death. After that she lived with the Nobles in Petrolia and took ill there. She was taken to the hospital, and then to the Gales in Strathroy, where she died February 12, 1879. She was interred in the Adelaide cemetery beside our mother. The Gales were good to her at the last, and they managed her funeral, as her father was too old, and I was in the Michigan lumber woods. Her age was forty-three.

BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Major's sixth child]. Sister Fanny was born on May 13, 1840 on Amherst Island, and was married in Adelaide March 17, 1858 to George Bucke. He had a farm on the River St. Clair, near Corunna. They had a son and daughter, Charles and Helen. George became addicted to opium and drink and she was obliged to leave him. She took the children and lived with me in Adelaide for three years, moved near Strathroy for one year, then went back to the farm as she had a life interest in it. After some years, she sold her interest in the farm and moved to the County Grey, Ontario. She sold that place and moved to Corunna where she built a house and taught music. Helen was then a widow with one child, and as they were without means, Fanny kept them both. While on a visit to Mina Radcliff in Detroit, Fanny fell and broke her hip. She had a dreadful time in the hospital, but in time got home and in after years got a paralytic stroke.



She is now living with Helen in Corunna, Ontario, but very ill. Helen had married Charles Proctor. Fanny had bought an annuity for herself. Poor Fan has had a hard life, and only for her good business head would have been a beggar long ago.

BRANCH D - Generation 5. [*The Major's seventh child]. Stephen E. Radcliff, born February 22, 1844 on Amherst Island. I just remember the bay and the boats coming in to the docks. I remember the move to Adelaide well. We came in a steamboat to Hamilton with wagon and carriage and three horses. Landing there, we drove eighty miles to London, where we bought stoves and a little furniture, then to Adelaide, twenty-five miles. I think I have related most of this in my memoirs, which my boys have. When my brother William went sailing, I was only ten years old, but I had to help Father draw in all the grain. When my boys were twelve and fourteen, I had two to build and mow away for me. The next spring I plowed two and a half acres with a yoke of cattle, and from the time I was twelve I handled horses and cattle. At sixteen we got men to make 800 pipe staves and about 4000 West India staves. I had to make roads to the trees and swamp them out to the sideroad, and then load again and draw four miles to a railroad switch. All the money they brought at that time was \$160, and the men to pay for the making. Before going farther, I must mention that Father and Mother would not consent to let me go to the common or free school, but Mother tried to teach me half a day at a time before I became a teamster, and Father coaxed me out to work on the farm the other half. This left me almost in the A-B-C's as I never was inside a schoolroom door. At twenty-one I bought Father's rock elm timber, paid men to square it, and drew it to the railroad, as I had a team of my own then. I was a good feeder and my horses were always wild, but they were so good on the road that I never required a whip from the time I had horses of my own until I sold my farm in 1910. I had ten runaways, and many narrow escapes, but I will only mention two or three now. At twelve years old, the cattle drew a set of harrows over my legs. At fourteen, they ran off the road in the woods with the sleigh I was on, and broke my big toe against a stump. The same year I was sent to London with a load of oats and wool. Four miles from London, I was going down a hill; the tongue came out and the horses had to run to save themselves. I jumped and lit on the gravel road, and horses and wagon went over the bank, one horse upside down. Some school boys helped me to load up, but I had to get my arm and leg dressed by a doctor and had to market my load with a lame leg and my arm in a sling. When I had arrived at the age of twenty-one, I had wild horses names Pincher and Black Bess. During the summer Miss Frederica Radcliff was on a visit with her sister at Squindingle, and I took her out riding quite often. Pincher shied and nearly jumped from under me many a time, so Frederica always rode Black Bess, and we had a very good time as times went then.

I must tell you about a funny fellow that used to help us harvest, all for fun, as long as Black Jack (bottle) was in the field. He had just come through the four years Civil War, as Captain, and had been wounded twice - once with a shot in the leg and the other with the habit of drinking too much.

I may as well give you the rest of my wounds and done with it. Ribs broken twice, small bone in leg broken, on crutches six months, three bad cuts with an axe that were all cured with the family Red Plaster, and I herewith insert a copy of the same:

The Waldron-Radcliff Red Plaster

Beeswax	1 lb..
Red lead	1 lb.
Best raisins	4 oz.
Venice turpentine	1 oz.
Sweet oil	1 qt.
Best vinegar	1 pt.

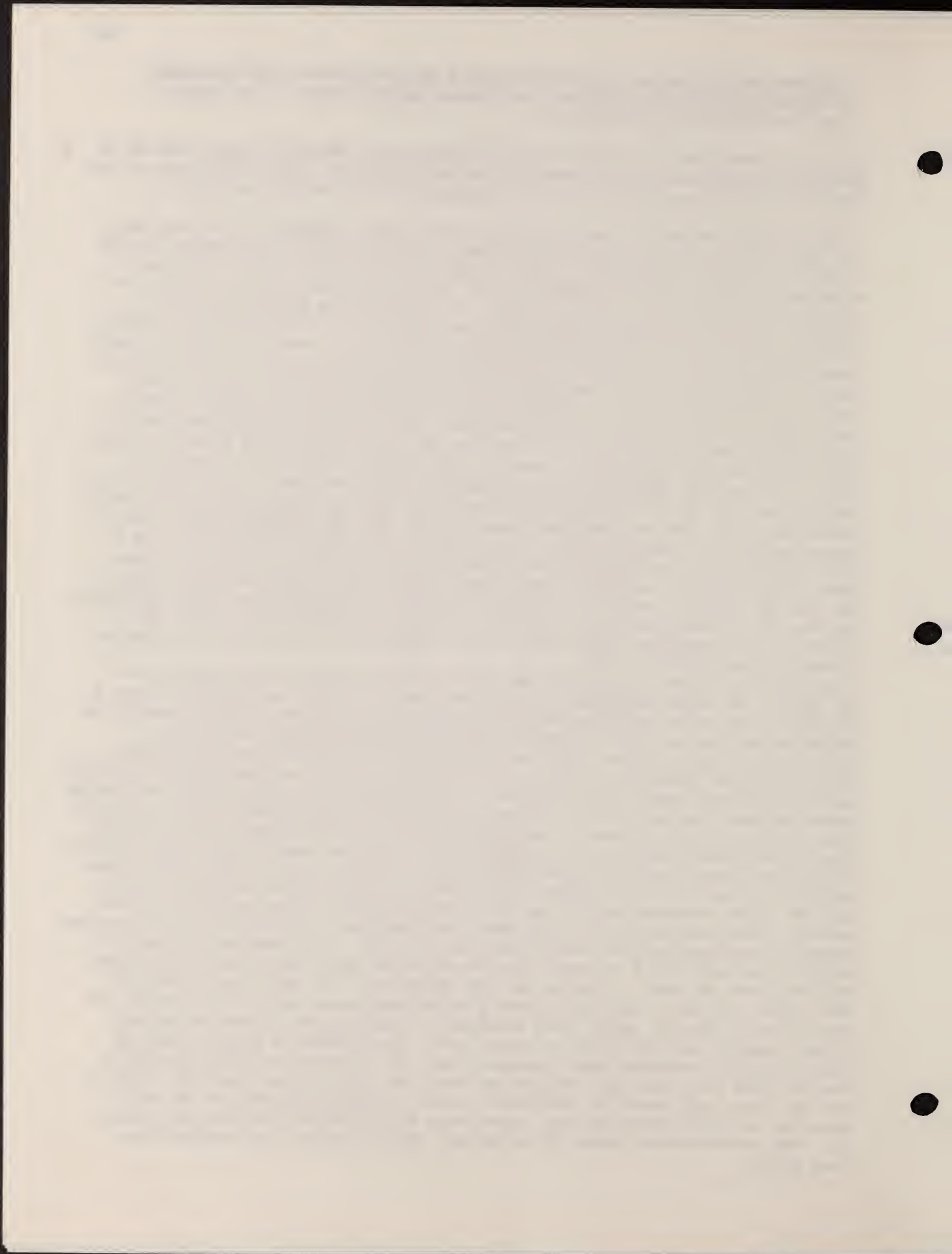
Slice the wax very thin and put all ingredients in a brass skillet. Keep

constantly stirring on a clear fire until well boiled and add frequently a little cold water to prevent the plaster being too hard. For family use, one eighth can be made up.

It is not known how long this recipe has been in the Radcliff family, but it is believed to date back to our remote ancestors in Saxony, and if all accounts are true, they will have more use for the plaster in that country than ever. X

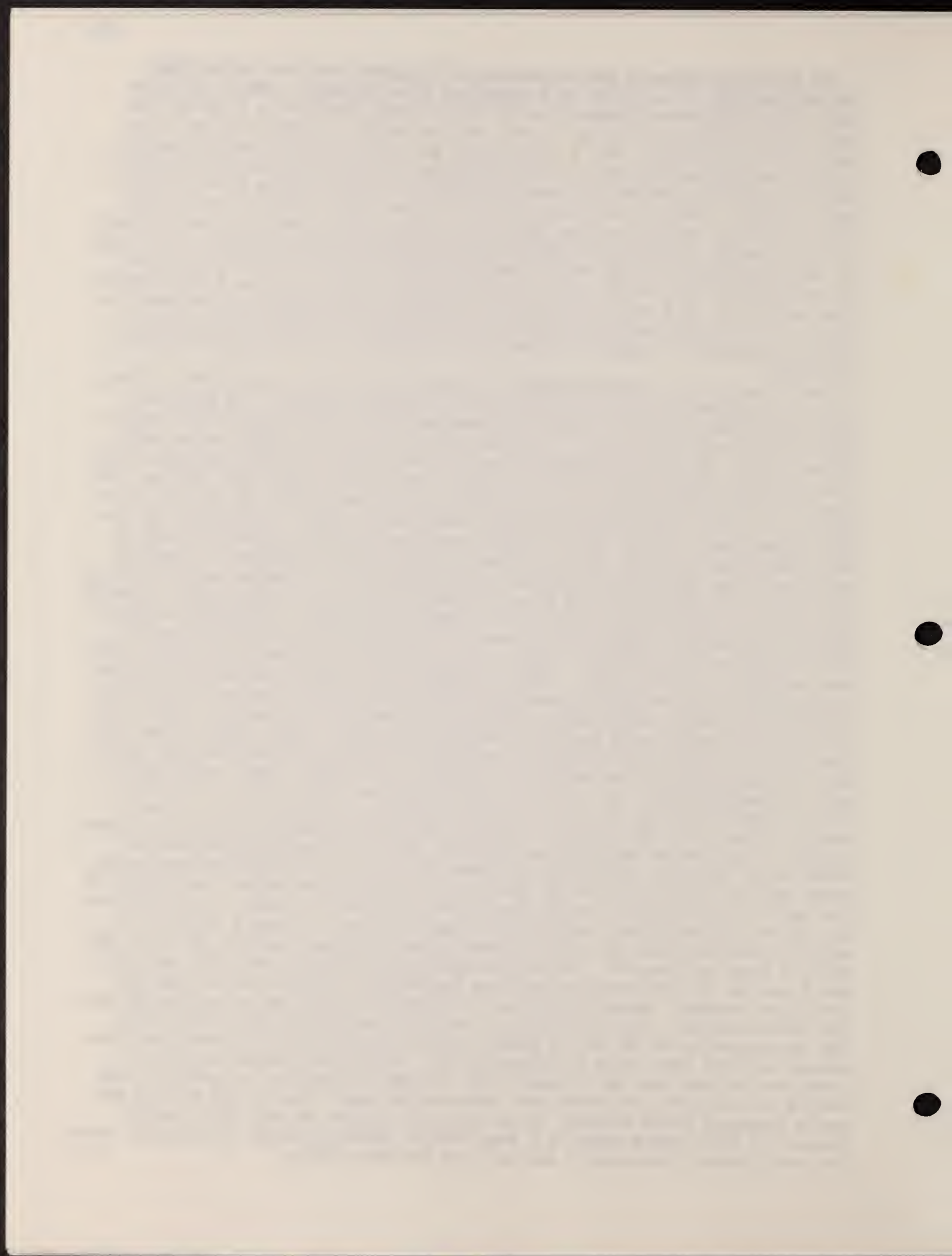
Now you must remember I was tied to the old farm, working it on shares, but was not as bad as the lad in Scotland who, on being asked by a traveler how far it was to the next town said, "Weel, it be twa miles, an' a bit". But the stranger found when he was benighted that the bit was many times more than the miles. Yet, I got off once in a while. I belonged to a boxing club and a cricket club, and did more jumping than was good for me. At the age of twenty-four I got as far as Niagara Falls for the first time. Searle had told me many wonders about them. He said there was an hotel there where they ate 500 chickens for breakfast, but that we must keep away from that hotel as it was very expensive. I have been at the Falls many times since, but it never looked so beautiful or so grand as at the first look. While I was at his place, Searle told me all about the Fenian raid, and the part he took in it as a member of the Welland Battery at Fort Erie. I went to see brother Bill and his family at Port Dalhousie and examined all the wonderful locks, and saw how the big three-masters went up and down the mountain as if on dry land, when you sighted them a little way off. You can imagine I came home so full of knowledge that I had a narrow escape of a swelled head. I must not forget to tell that when I was a boy I shot a lot of squirrels as well as pigeons, as there was plenty of that game in the fifties, and they were a great help to the table when every farmer was his own butcher, and with the rifle I could pick henhawks at 80 and 100 yards. But when it came to quail and snipe on the wing, the Major used to tell me I couldn't hit a haystack flying, and that I reminded him of the man who fired at a sea-rull and tickled a pig.

But now I am a man, dance with the girls and sing in the church choir at St. Ann's. At this momentous time the Reverend Mr. Falls, our minister, gave a grand concert in the schoolhouse to help pay for the new brick church, and it so happened that he was able to secure very good amateur talent, as follows: Miss Pearlle Tisdall, Miss Annie Radcliff and Miss Freddy Rothwell, also the comic singer of Strathroy, Kelley. These girls had more or less Radcliff in them and were all remarkably sweet singers. I was appointed to the exalted position of stage manager, and was put on the program for two violin numbers with the help of Mrs. Gale on a good melodeon. She also played the accompaniments for the girls. The audience was furnished with programs so my business was to look after the performers and bring them on at the proper time. But this was no easy matter, seeing that it was a very hot night, in the month of August, the building crowded and the sweet warblers most of the time promenading with some young man on the common. When the concert was half over, intermission was announced, and ice cream was sold, supplied by Mrs. Bray from a board shanty. But there was no sign of Kelley. At this time I got word that there was an old tramp woman in the shanty who would not go away. I rushed out and tacked her, but got a pinch from her that spelt "Kelley". She was suffering under many stage suits. The outside one was all ready for the song: "I am a maiden of ninety-five". Needless to say, Kelley brought down the house at every turn. Miss Tisdall's solos as well as Miss Rothwell's received great applause, and were encored, but Miss Radcliff's brought down the house with "No one to love" and "I'm a happy bluebird, sober as you see; pure cold water is the drink for me". Although temperance was only starting to squeak then, the old toppers were delighted with the way she rendered it. The entertainment netted fifty dollars for the church, and everyone went home happy.



The following winter I got congestion of the lungs and gave up the farm. Father then let it on shares to a man for a term of years. After six months rest I told Father and Mother I would like to sell what little I had and go into a piano factory, as I had a good ear for music, but they both put their feet down and said no. Now, to this day I am quite sure they made a mistake, as my strongest talents lay in that direction. So I was driven to rough work again in the shape of the cordwood business in Petrolia, where I ran a shanty and hired men. After a few years, I had to come to the rescue of my sister, Fanny, and take her and her two children. So to make a home for them, I fixed up the house my brother had lived in, and worked the farm on shares. This went on for three years, during which I built a large frame barn on the east side of the lot that was my own. But crops were bad, prices low, and I was more behind each year, so I sold my share of the produce and stock, paid the money as far as it went, and prepared to make a start for the Michigan lumber woods, which I succeeded in doing in the month of November 1876, with only \$25.00 in my pocket.

When I was in the teaming business in Petrolia, my best team had gone blind, but I had managed to do my farm work with them and a driver. But bad luck followed me that fall, for one of them stepped on a wire causing blood poisoning, and she had to be shot. The other horse was sold for \$2.00 at the sale after I left. My farm implements were also sold under a chattel mortgage which I had given my sister, Mrs. Gale, to secure her for money she had lent me. To make my father safe I had done 35 acres of fall plowing, and put in five acres of wheat, in all worth \$100 for which I never got a cent. I also left my sister, Fanny, meat, flour, wood and some groceries, and as a matter of fact, I was financially skinned. When I arrived in Port Huron, Michigan, I wrote my father and Mrs. Gale explaining the cause of my move. The Major was living with the Gales in Strathroy at that time. I stayed four days in Port Huron, consulting maps and deciding what part I would make a strike for. Manistee, a lumber town on the shore of Lake Michigan was my choice, and it took me two days by rail and stage to get there. I put up at a greasy German boarding house, which was the best to be had there. Then I called on John Mee at his hardware store. We knew each other as boys in Adelaide, and he was glad to see me. I told him I wanted a job in a lumber camp. He said his brother Harry would be down from his camp that week, and I had better wait and see him. Harry came in due time and told me they were only paying from \$16.00 to \$20.00 as men were very plenty, but he would give me a letter to Mr. Brookes, his partner, and I could go up with the supply team. At 1:00 P.M. the next day we made a start. There were three foreigners going to Walt Mee's camp, making a party of five, and our dunnage, also a ton of supplies, and when we were informed we had to walk, these fellows' language was anything but musical. But that evening I treated the teamster to "40 rod", helped him to clean his horses, and threw him some signs, which made it easy for me, as he gave me the lines and we walked turn about. At the end of three days and thirty-five miles, we came into camp. I gave Brookes the letter and told him I would like a team to drive. He said I might go to work on the river with the men who were cutting a channel through the ice - that all the teams had drivers. But in due time, one fellow did not fill the bill, and I was put to draw supplied until we had enough, and then on the logging road until spring. During this time I watched the scaler as he measured my load and learned quite a bit by keeping on the soft side of that man of the rule. The camp broke up at the end of March, and the men were paid off with half June orders and half cash, with a discount of 2%. Brookes had picked me out of forty men to take care of the camps and I agreed to take it, but insisted upon having all the cash and orders that were due me then. When I came back to the men's shanty, I found a grumpy lot of men, all anxious to sell their "white horses" as they called them, so I took them at their own offer of discount, which was very liberal, providing I did not lose the whole thing.

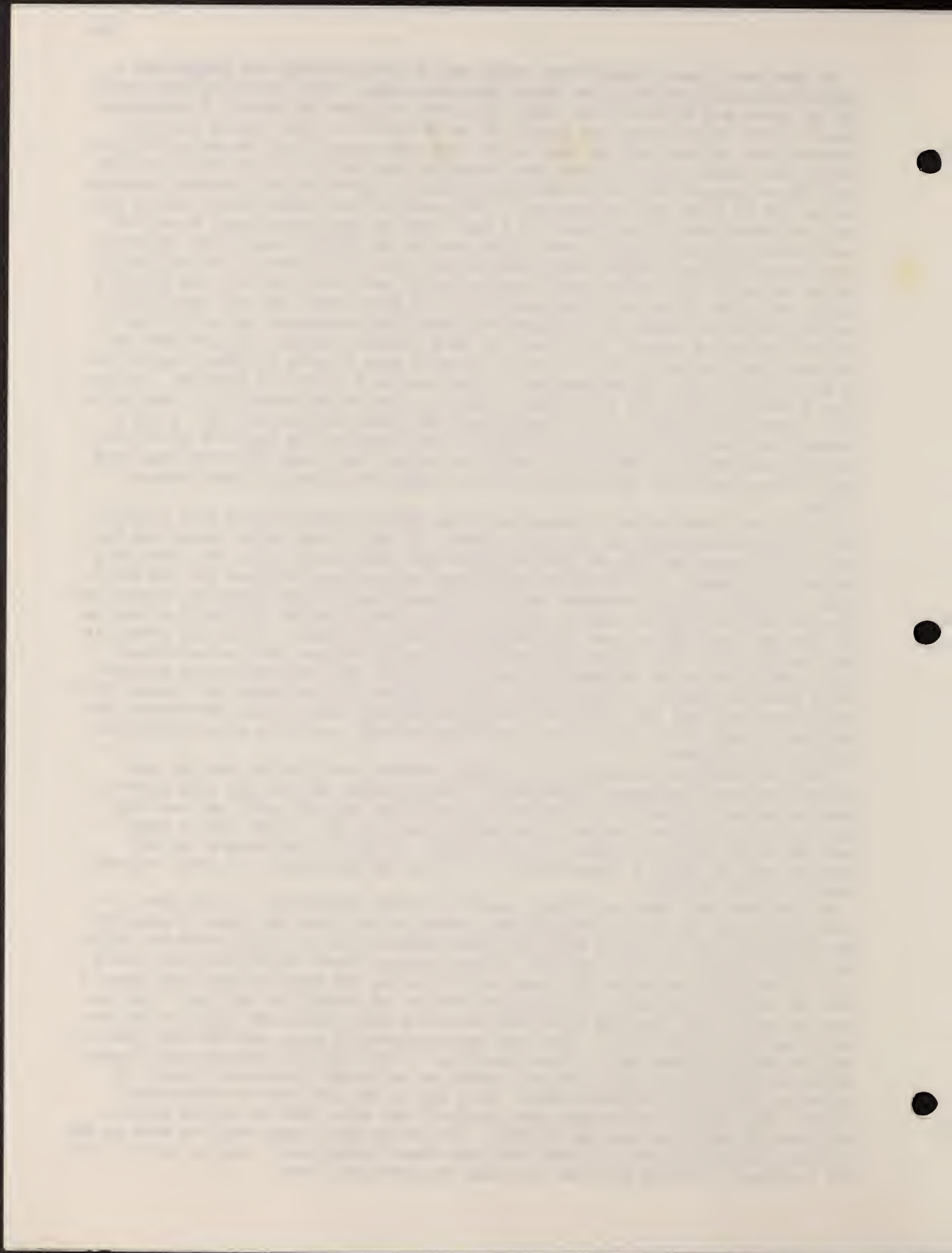


To show how I made friends with rough men, I had my fiddle and played for a mixture of eight nationalities every Saturday night. This kept them from stealing my socks and mitts for the time, and later on, when in charge, I was making some entries in the books and saw \$4.50 to my credit to buy "fiddle strings". Brookes went off and left me one man to help take care of the horses and cattle. During that time, John Hamilton came along and told me when I got done with the Mee-Brookes concern to come to his camp, which I agreed to do. Brookes returned by the end of April and settled up. I had nothing but "white horses" for my pay, but they were paid in due time. So I hied away to Hamilton's camp, a walk of twenty-four miles. I soon became a fair scaler at \$26.00 a month and my board. This was six dollars better than I had before, and easier work. The following spring we moved up the Manistee River and built new camps, where I got \$43.00 a month, but I got a bad cold that settled in my left lung. In that condition I walked twenty-two miles to Fife Lake and travelled twenty-one miles by train to get the help of a doctor. He found the lung plugged half way up, but gave me medicine that helped me, but to be on the safe side I wrote to Taber Company for my money which I had let accumulate. They sent me a check for \$207.00. By that time I found I would not get better enough to work in the woods for a good while, so I struck for Canada. Up to that time I had saved \$250.00 in all. I got a doctor's advice in Strathroy and stayed at the Gales and in spite of my illness I offered every cent I had to my creditors, which, with some notes William Gale held for me, would pay 50¢ on the dollar. About two-thirds of them took my offer.

As soon as I got better, I moved my father from the Gales' house to a cottage and built him a stable, as he kept a horse. By fall I was quite strong and had made enough money to take me back to Fife Lake, but on my way to the frontier I called on a number of friends and relations, and saw poor Rebecca for the last time. I called at the Adamsons in Oil Springs, Fanny on the River St. Clair, and Flo Radcliff at Sarnia. When I arrived at the Lake I had \$4.00, \$4.50 a week to pay for my board and my good job scaling taken by a German. So I took a team in the Hamilton and Taber camp, and went at it again, but was soon made foreman. When camp broke up in the spring I was quite sick, and laid up a month or more at my boarding house. I then took a small logging job and drove big wheels until the flies, heat and dust drove me out of the woods. Then I left for Canada, intending to come back. This time I returned by boat, and had a nice trip by the Straits of Mackinaw.

When I arrived in Strathroy and Adelaide everyone was glad to see me, but things were not prospering for Father. The sharesman had run the farm down to such an extent for want of summer-fallow and stock that it would not rent for half enough to keep my father. Now, all through my life I have been a great hand to try to kill two birds with one stone - first to take care of my old father, next to build a house on what was to be my 100 acres, and last, but not least, to get married.

As the year 1879 ends my lumber, woods and water adventures, I will just allude to a few of them. When out in a storm on the River St. Clair I saved my own life and that of Jasper Still by being expert with the paddle when the rudder was carried away. I saved my life in the Sydenham River and at Manistee when I fell in with my clothes on, by being able to swim, and when the boys shot deer, I was the only one in camp who understood the art of taking the pelt off. And now for the bear. The cook and I discovered that a bear came every night to eat the swill under the sink spout. The boys made a dead-fall trap, and the bear came to eat the bait, but got out. A real bear hunter then came on the scene and located signs of Master Bruin under the oak trees, so our black friend had thought it safer to change his boarding place. In a day or two the bear was caught and carried into camp. The trapper soon took off his skin, gave us a hind quarter and went off with the rest on his back. Now, as we had a good cook, we were in for a treat, and if you want to know what bear steak tastes like, imagine you are eating a mixture of beef, pork and dog, and you have the flavor.



To accomplish what I had made up my mind to do in the poorest way, I should have had \$1000 instead of \$150 and some debts hanging over me, but I went at it. I hired a man, took Father's mare to mate her, paid for board at William Gale's, plowed all fall and got out logs and wood all winter, worked the farm with the help of a boy, and from that on the Major and I batched it in my brother's old house. Now, to make a long story short, by the spring of 1881 I had a small frame house up, a 40 ft. well down, and a big crop in. I built a kitchen and painted the house myself, and on the 29th of June, 1881, I was married to Dora Georgina Adamson in the Petrolia English Church. D'Cyley Noble was my groomsmen and Dora's bridesmaids were her sister Lucy and Mattie Brond. The Jenkins provided a most elaborate wedding feast, and after the usual speechifying, in which I did my part, we took the evening train for Watford where I had a horse and buggy. We arrived at Wills Grove under a gorgeous moon which cast its silvery rays over our little new home. Our wedding presents were most handsome and useful, but a beautiful cow from Mrs. Gale was the most acceptable of all.

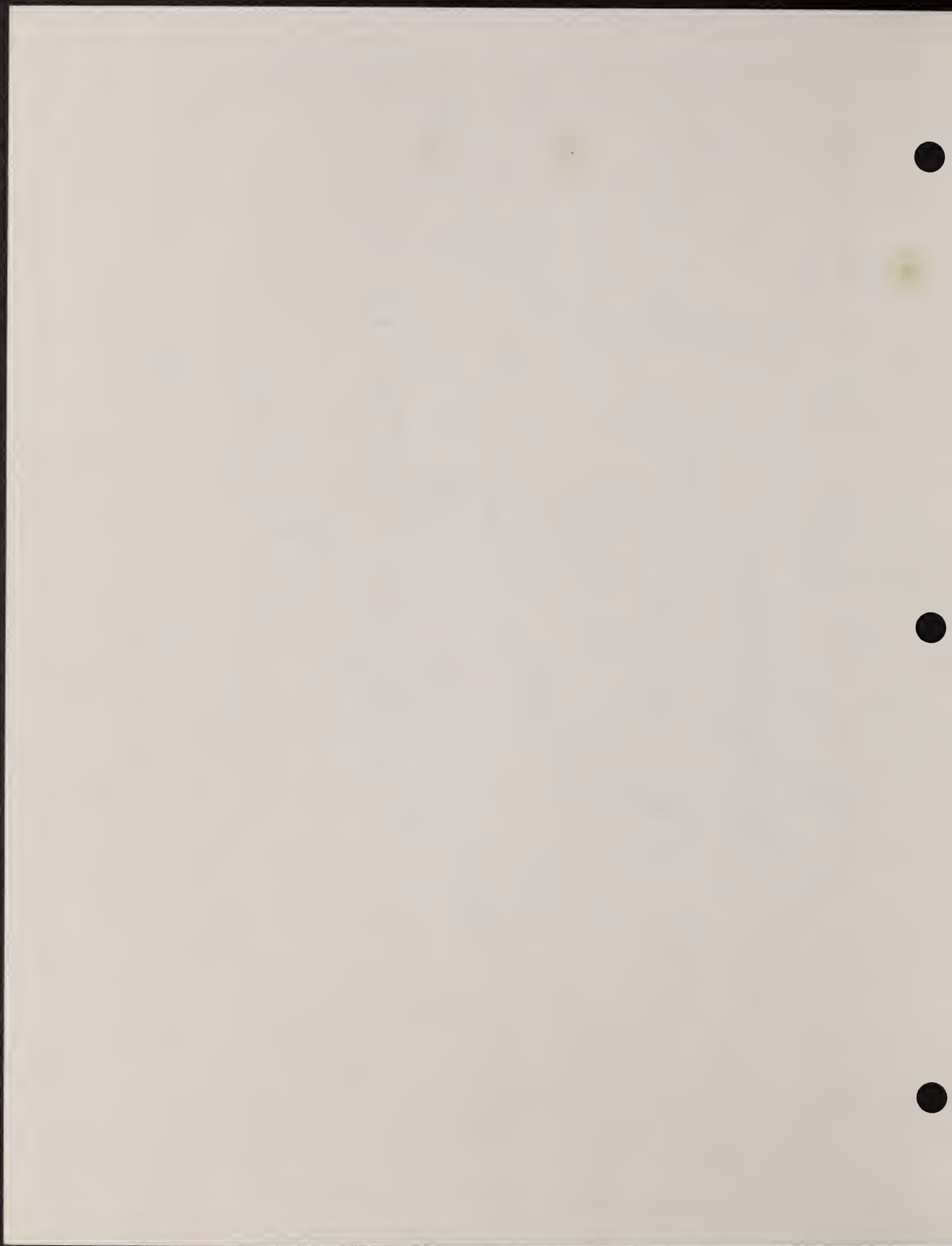
In course of time we had three boys - Frank, born April 16, 1882, William A. born April 4, 1884, but Frederick Armstrong did not show his red head until July 11, 1891. If he had come a day later, it might have been orange, but it came near enough to prevent me from celebrating on the 12th as was my wont.

Now, as I have come to an important part of my history, I must tell that I joined the Orange Order at the age of twenty-two, but was not able to attend very regularly until after I was married. I was soon elected District Master and sent to Grand Lodge. I was also elected County Treasurer, and was kept in that office eleven years, at the end of which time the company presented me with an address and a gold-headed cane. I was then put in W. Co. Master, and kept there for three years. This gave me a vote in Grand Lodge for life. As a member of the church I took my turn as warden, but as to concerts and Christmas entertainments I was into them up to my neck with my violin and a few funny songs.

In justice to my wife, I must now say "we" most of the time. We now had all our debts paid, including my father's, which were few, and had a \$1000 policy on my life in the Orange Mutual, also a good stock and horses that did not need a whip. All this was due to the good management of my wife, and good help from the boys while they were with us. None of the neighbors' wives were a patch on Dora when it came to good feeding, and helping me care for sick animals, and I have known her to tie up sixteen head of cattle when I was unavoidably late home in the winter. When the Pan-American Exposition came off in 1901, we were all able to take it in by going in turns. Even little Armstrong, at ten years, made money to pay his fare by picking peas. He was a very determined boy, and is just the same kind of a man. But my boys are honest, and "an honest man's the noblest work of God".

The Exposition came off in Buffalo in 1901. We had made a success of farming, and I had found time to become agent for the Queen's Life, the Farmers' Binder Twine Company and the Perth Mutual Fire Company, but there came a cloud on the horizon for us. In 1902 Frank went to Chicago to take a position in a big hardware concern, he having been in that business for four years. We had just got Bill into the Dominion Bank, and he was sent to Montreal, when a letter came to say Frank was down with typhoid fever. Dora decided to go to him at once, so I drove her to Strathroy and she took the first train for Chicago, but he did not rally at the 21st day and she brought him home, at rest forever.

Our hearts were now fairly broken; with only little Armstrong left and in the middle of a wet harvest, but Providence sent us help and comfort in the shape of Rob and Lucy Sully. They came at once from Buffalo, and gave us their valuable help for over a month. I never seemed to be the same man again, and at sixty years of age I broke down and at sixty-two was in bed with nervous prostration. I have already told that, and how I was there for a year and a half, and how I wrote my life almost in detail, and how my dear Fannie Gale typed it, and the others had it bound in time for Christmas. The following year I was on my feet again, and had all the farm work done on shares. I had a sale, and sold off

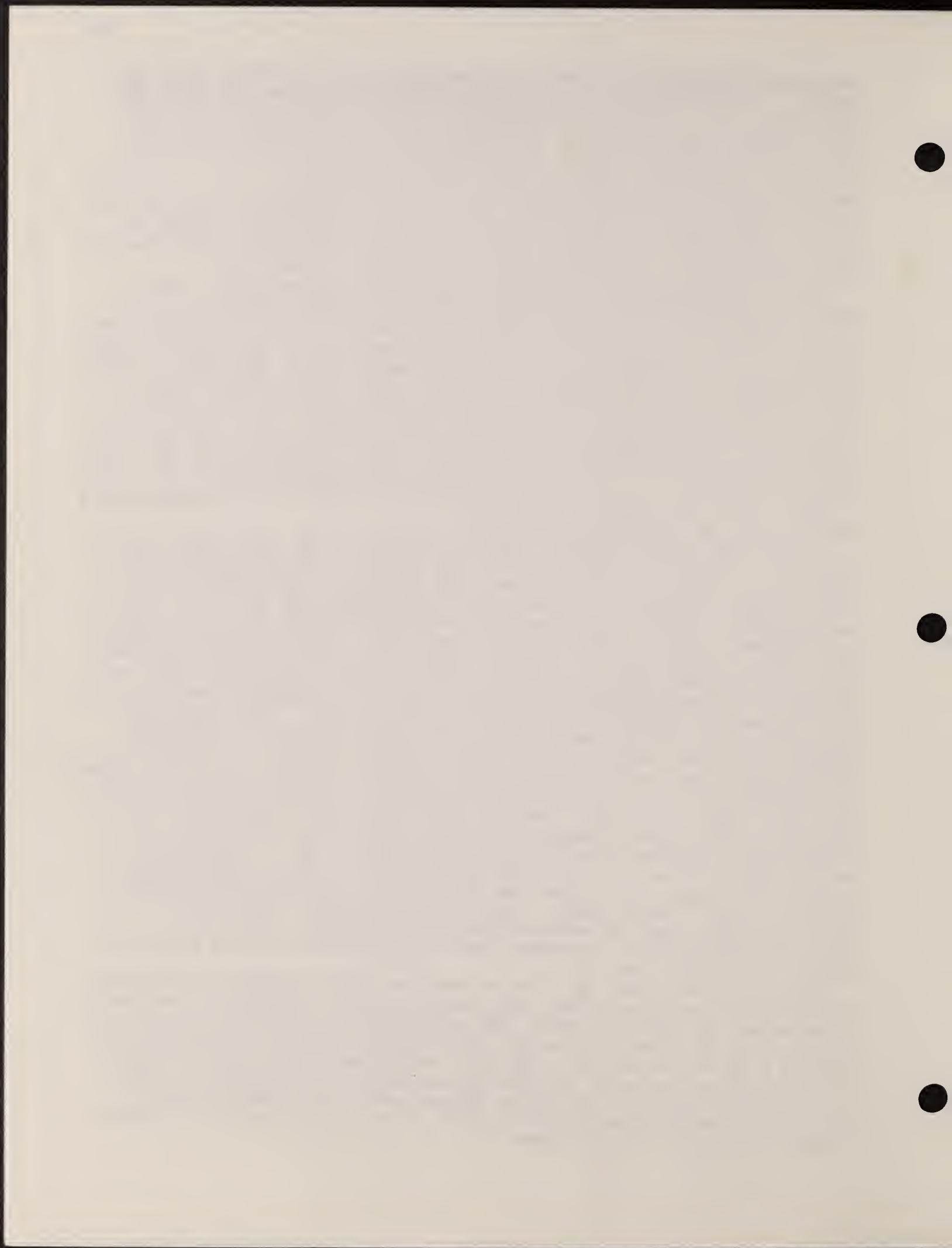


nearly all my horses, cattle and pigs, and tried to sell the farm, but it did not go. We took in stock to pasture and made well out of the farm until 1909. That fall we shut up the house and went to Buffalo, where we spent the winter with Willie and Annie Gale. In the spring we went back to Adelaide and sold our farm for \$4600. We then had a little sale, and as we had lately reduced our mortgage to \$1000 we had \$3600 and sale notes to lodge in the Bank of Commerce that brought us well over the \$4000 mark. I then took a trip to Western Canada, taking in Winnipeg, Melville and Saskatoon. I was met at Melville station by Bill, who had now got to be manager of the Dominion Bank there. He informed me that he had just got two weeks to go see his mother in Adelaide, so I told him to go and I would meet him in Winnipeg on the way back.

I went by train to see Albert Brock and his wife. She was a Miss Wright. They were managing Charley's Birmingham Bubble. They were very kind, and he drove me over the property with a view to sell, but it had too many gophers and slues, and too much sand and gravel, although some good. I visited all the nice people Bill had introduced me to in Melville, among them Dr. Livingston and his wife, who had a violin and piano. I put her hundred dollar violin in proper order and played with another lady who accompanied me, and she said it never sounded like that before; so I spent most of my time there. The doctor told me the town of two thousand inhabitants had sprung up in two years, and showed me over a graded school good enough for a city. There were good stores, four story hotels, two banks and a most modern depot that is a credit to the C.P.R.R. But I could see the mushroom town was at its height, and was a dangerous place for a man to go who had more money than brains.

The next day, being Saturday, I hired a man with a muddy buggy and a pair of bronchos to drive me to the Clark farm nine miles out. It was surprising the loose way he drove. He just held the lines slack in the left hand, and plied the whip from one horse to the other; and although the last three miles were mostly slews, he got me out there in an hour and fifteen minutes. As soon as I got permission from Mrs. Clark to stay over Sunday, I paid the livery man off. Mrs. Clark was all knocked of a heap at first by a stranger popping in on her, but it was no time until I was having a heart to heart talk with her about the hardships they had undergone since they took up their homestead seven years ago. She then went to see about dinner and sent in Miss Clark. When I shook her hand, her head reached to the six-foot mark near the top of my six-foot-two head; her hair was foxy red and she had a complexion to match. I sat down to a broken-winded organ and played for her, but seeing a fiddle on the organ, I took it in hand and as I had some strings in my pocket, I soon had it in good order, and by the time I had played "Beautiful Bells" and "The Mocking Bird" I had her friendship. Had I been a young man, her heart might have tumbled after. On Sunday I piled up their glass dish with candy and oranges and played for the whole family. It was then that a curious incident happened. I said that my sister, Mrs. Bucke, used to play the piano with me, and it made much better music than when I played alone. "Why," said Mrs. Clark, "that reminds me of a little concert we went to before we left the County Grey. There was a Mrs. Bucke played Scotch selections, and her son and his wife sang a number of songs". "The same," said I.

After dinner the oldest boy drove me over two unoccupied farms that were for sale, told me the price and all about them, but in my judgment they were twenty-five percent too high for anyone. On Monday after an early dinner, Mr. Clark drove me back to Melville by another road that had no slews to go through, and gave me a lot of information on the way. He told me the government had given every second section to the railroad company and they would not sell it until the farmers had improved the land in between, so if a man wanted to buy the lot next him owned by the railroad company, he was paying them for the improvements he had made on his own place.

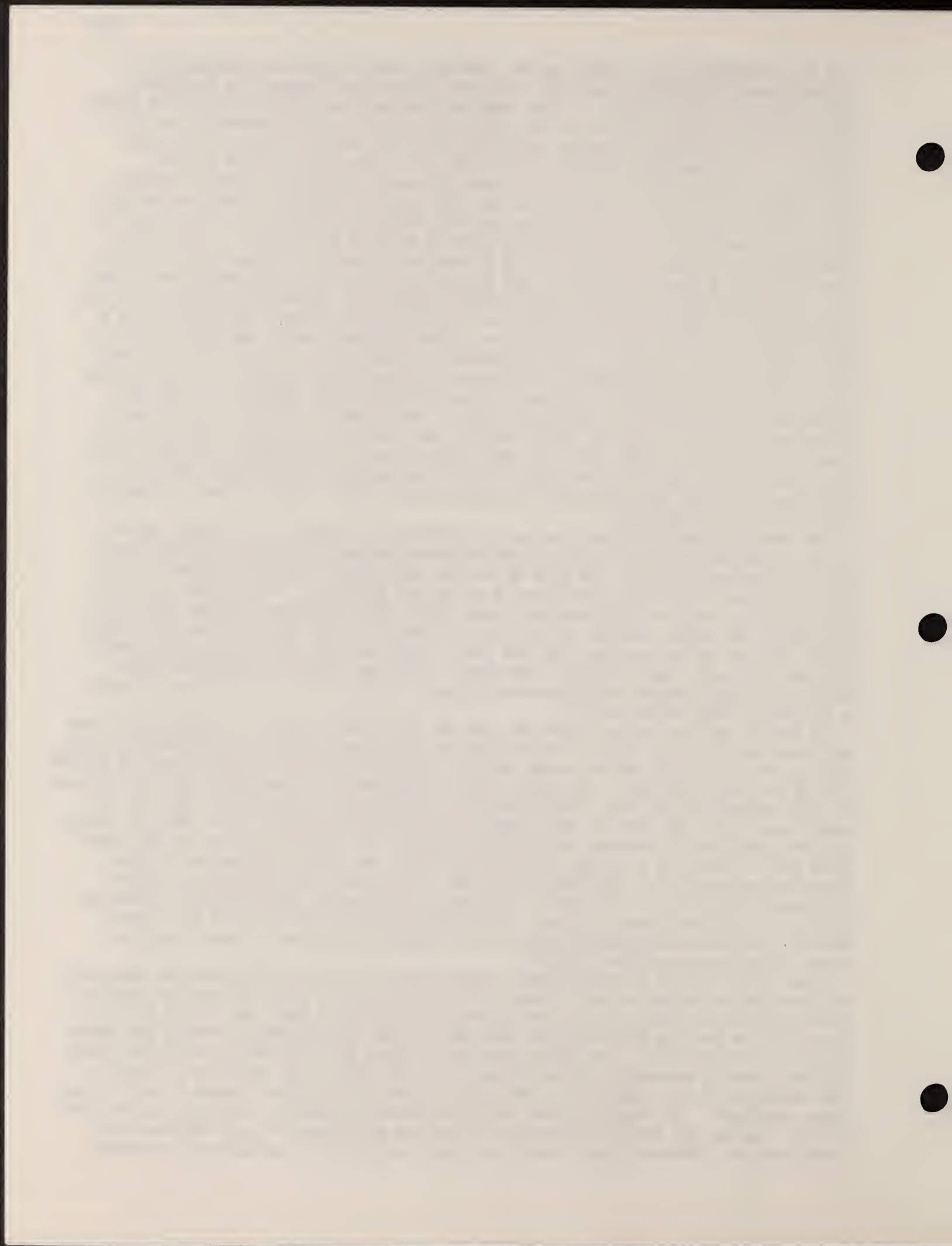


I had promised Bill to call on Mr. and Mrs. Day, as she was a daughter of James Large of Adelaide, but now they were living near Neepawa in Manitoba, but they were not at home. I then went to the bank and put my luggage in charge of Bill's two clerks, who were very kind and said they would carry it to the station in time for my train at midnight, and they were on time as they had agreed. In the evening I took up my quarters in the waiting room of the G.T.P.R.R. This road was only in course of construction, with one passenger train each day, so the waiting room was the quietest place in town, and with the help of a warm overcoat I had some rest and sleep before the arrival of the train. My destination was Saskatoon where I arrived at 8:00 A.M. and got my breakfast at a Chinese restaurant as it was the first one I came to, and I was very hungry. I then hired a man and rig and he drove me out three miles to the farm of my old Adelaide friend and brother Orangeman, Alexander McInroy. He and his wife, two boys and three girls, were all glad to see me, and fed me like a fighting cock for the week I was there. They had the largest potatoes I ever saw. They had to be cut in two lengthwise to boil them. The day after I went to Saskatoon with the children, who drove to school in a double rig with ponies. I called on Ralph Baeirsto. He was my dear Helen's only living boy, and had risen to be manager of the Dominion Bank in that town. He told me there were eleven banks in the town of 10,000 people, so that he had a hard row to hoe to keep his end up. I spent the day until school was out exploring the town. The towns out there are like the farms, all on the square, so you can't get lost, and when you stand and look north, south, east or west on any street, there is nothing to stop the view.

One evening Alex and I went to see a neighbor who played the fiddle, and we had a great fiddling match; but in going there we had to cross a hundred acre field belonging to Alex. He told me he cut that field the year before in four days with his eight foot binder and four horses abreast. He said he had eight horses of his own, and by changing teams every four hours, and sixteen hours of good light in wheat time he did the job. I said: "Is it possible any man could stand the hum of the machine and the heat of the sun for that length of time?" "It was big work, but I did it," he said. "You see, the boys were home from school and they brought my dinner and supper to the field, and supplied me with a change of four horse teams."

On Sunday my good friend drove me over to the Baptists and on the way over told me about the price of land. When he bought his first quarter section eight years ago he got it for \$10.00 per acre, but the second quarter he bought cost him \$27.00 "It is all paid for now," he said, "and I improved it so much that my half section is well worth \$15,000 now. The Baptists were Adelaide people also, and one of their boys drove me over to see Jenny, who was now Mrs. Smart. She gave us lemonade and cake and introduced me to her good man, who looked as smart as his name. They kept a store at a little railroad station. We all had supper with them, after which Alex and I hied away for home. I had paid two visits and driven forty-six miles in one afternoon. But you must remember that there are eighteen hours of light out there in June. On Monday, McInroy hitched up a four horse team to his double mouldboard plow, and I plowed four acres in less than four hours in his summer-fallow field.

I had come west on a prospector's ticket with C. Wright and five other fellows. We travelled at night so as to take in Chicago and St. Paul. We went through the Armour slaughter house, which took us many hours, but I have only space to mention that we saw the first engine they started of 25 horsepower, and we now gazed on one of 250,000 H.P. The plant covered 75 acres and they employed 15,000 hands. We then took an automobile drive through Lincoln Park. The next day we took in the beauties of St. Paul and the next day landed at Winnipeg. There I went to see Helen Baeirsto. On Sunday we went to Ralph Conner's church, expecting to hear him preach, but he was away on mission work, and we only heard an old stiff-necked Presbyterian. The next day I took the train and met Bill, as already recounted.

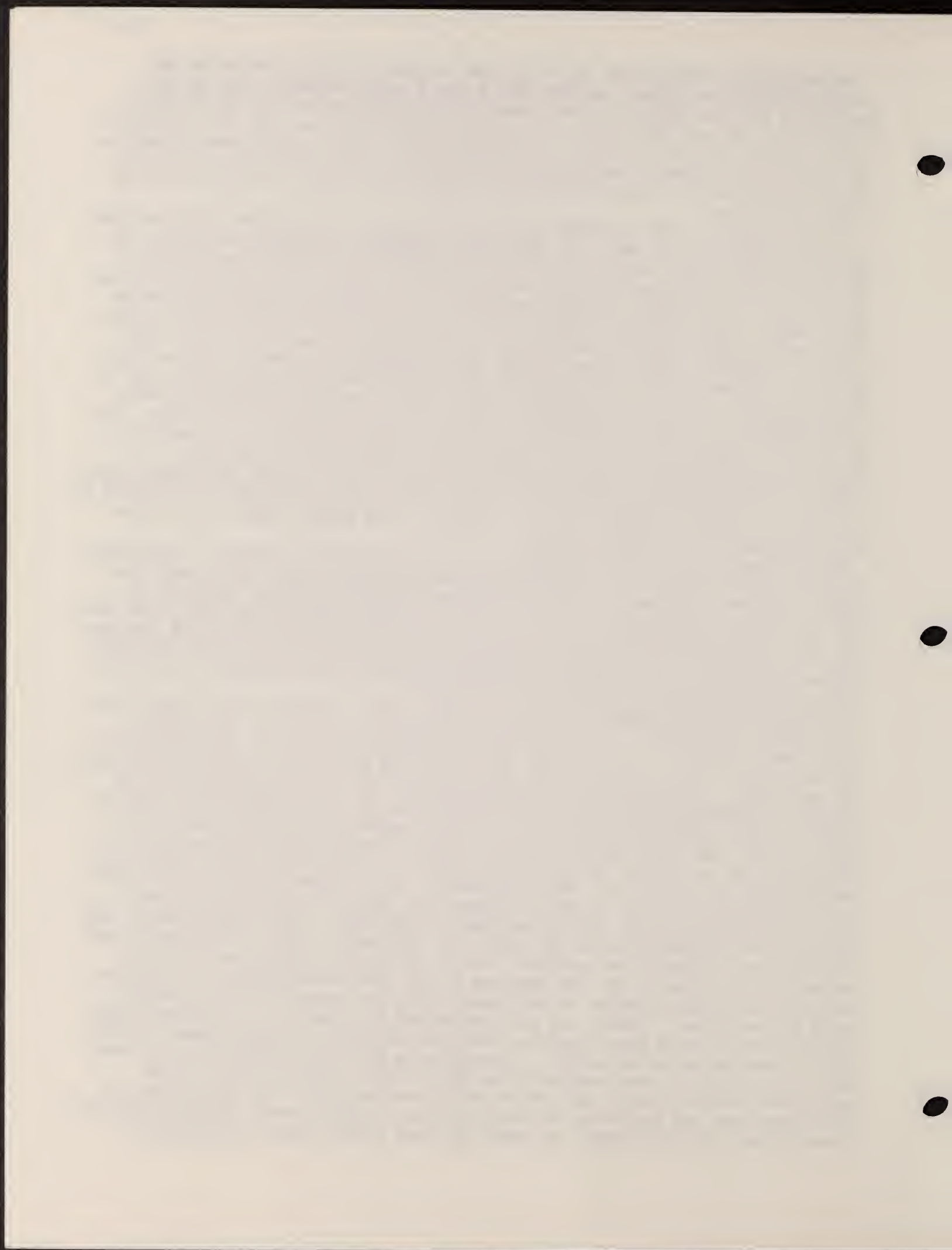


My visit with Alex was now at an end, so he said he would drive me to the station and sign my ticket to show that I was a real prospector, but we were stopped at the big bridge, as they were repairing it, and we had to walk the bridge and then take the stage. I bid friend Mac goodbye at 9:00 P.M. next day and got off at Portage at 2:00 P.M. the next day. While visiting some relations of the Adelaide Brooks, a western water spout came down, so I stayed to supper with them, and as the streets were full of water for hours, I did not get to my hotel until late.

In the morning I went to Nepawa by the C.N.R.R. and was received with open arms by Jasper Still and his wife. My old chum, Armstrong, was away but Claude, his wife and Fanny Still, drove in from the farm and we had a little reunion and a big lot of talk. Claude told me he had made good on the farm, and to judge from his beautiful horses and carriage, he had. Mrs. Jasper was very pretty, being part Jewess. They had four handsome boys, two grown up and two going to school. Jasper had livery horses so he drove me to the depot the next day, and I next landed at Winnipeg, where I met Bill at the Baeirstos' as agreed. Bill told me all about his ten lots on the outskirts of Winnipeg, which he bought the time of the boom, but I had lived through too many booms to be very enthusiastic about the speculation. My poor Armstrong got bit on a lot he bought in Vancouver. My advice has always been to put your savings in the bank until you have enough to buy a lot that is in the market, but most young men think that too slow. We stayed at the Baeirstos' until Monday, and I saw Bill off on his west-bound train, and in the evening saw myself off on my east-bound train, arriving in Strathroy in 42 hours. I found my dear Dora at Mr. Pope's, so we stayed there a day or two while preparing for a visiting tour.

We entrained at Strathroy for Sarnia and took the boat to Detroit. We were met by Fred Radcliff who took us by street-car to the flat occupied by herself and Kitty Furrowes, where we had a happy time for a week with them. The next day Fred took us to a cafeteria. This was the most remarkable eating house I was ever in. You helped yourself to what you wanted, showed the platefull to the cashier, paid the charge and sat down at a vacant table and worked out your own salvation. This was the time I got Uncle John's picture enlarged and framed for the Warlick Church where he was the first rector in 1834.

We stayed our second week with Lucy and Fanny Gale, and were able to walk from one abode to the other. But our chief attraction was Belle Isle. We made four trips there by boat, bringing lunch and picnicking on the boat. Belle Isle had a good exhibit of wild animals, the most worthy of note being our native deer and the sea lions. We stayed for two band concerts. The band played on a bridge across an artificial water-way, while many beautiful canoes with richly dressed people in them, paddled to and fro. The whole scene was a great treat to Dora and I who had been tied to the farm for so long. While in Detroit, we went to Walkerville to see Doctor Hoare and his family, who received us with great kindness and gave us a nice tea. Our time was now up to leave Detroit, so we returned to Sarnia by boat, and by rail to Corunna to see my sister Fanny and her daughter, Nellie Proctor, who had married a second time. They had pianos at both houses and both played, and as my violin was my constant companion, we spent many a happy hour. While there we took a trip to see Charley Bucke, who met us at Briden with his double rig and drove us to his farm at Wilkesport. Charley had married Miss Minnie Sheridan of the County Grey, and they had three beautiful girls and two boys. Charley had nice horses and fair cattle, but the best thing in sight for everyone there was that they had struck gas in many places, and bid fair to have an unlimited supply. Charley drove us back to Briden and we were met by Laura Miller, who took us to the Miller farm. Laura was the second daughter of Walter Miller, and the widow of John Radcliff. She was a widow for the second time and the mother of six children. We had a visit of three days and a lot of chat over old times. We spent the rest of the week at the Sisks in



Oil Springs, and had a very nice time. We took the train from there back to Comuna, and stayed there until September, and when we parted with my dear sister we all had tears in our eyes. She was very much disappointed that we did not settle down there, but I could see nothing for me in the half dead old place. We then took train to Sarnia and spent a day and night with Pattie Bucke and her mother. They kept a few boarders, so we came in for some good board, and had to mind our P's and Q's at the table. After a kind adieu we took the train for Strathroy and went to the Popes. We were about two days seeing our many friends and settling our business there. I wish to state here that on leaving Canada, we did not owe a cent to anybody and in the Bank of Commerce we had to our credit \$300 and \$200 in notes coming due and about \$200 worth of chattels or settlers' effects.

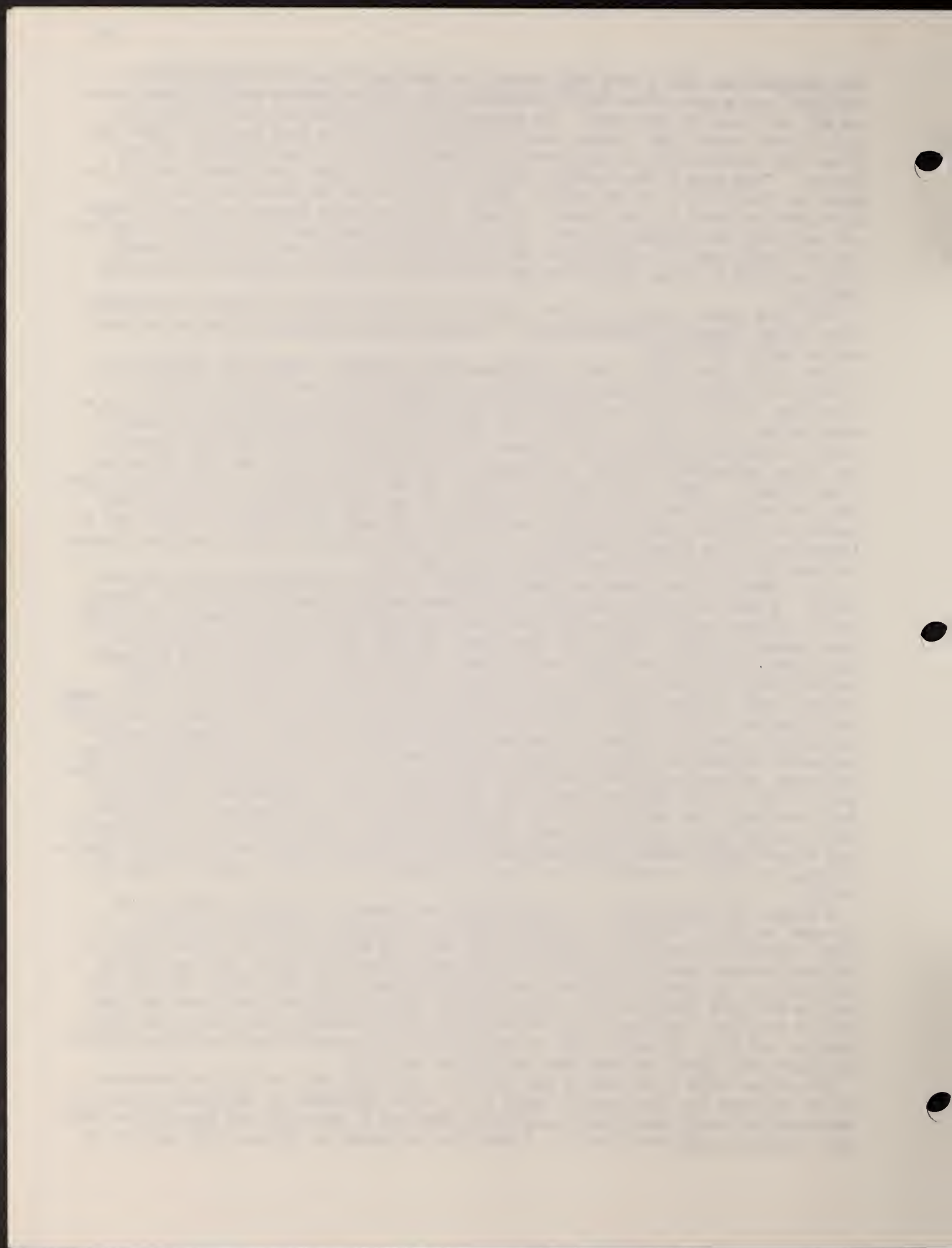
Mrs. Pope was a daughter of the clever Dr. Morris Bucke, who wrote a wonderful book called "Cosmic Consciousness". The Popes were wonderfully kind to us in a way we could not repay.

Dora and I then took a train for Black Rock, Buffalo, where John Tisdall met us with his automobile and conveyed us to Willie Gale's on the 20th day of September, 1910. We got a loving reception from all, and Annie Gale got us up a warm supper. We stayed with them that fall and winter, and during that time I bought a second mortgage on a cottage at 60 Condon Street for \$500 and assumed the first mortgage of \$1100. It brought us in \$15.50 a month for six years, on a mud street. Then it was paved at a cost to us of over \$200. We then kept raising the rent, and we now get \$20 a month. In the spring I bought a lot in the center of the best business place on Tonawanda Street for \$1100, all cash, and it turned out to be a great bargain, as it soon was worth \$8 a foot more than I gave, and now the lot is worth twice what I paid for it.

I had drawn my own plans and specifications, so now proceeded to let the contract. I let the cellar, plumbing and carpentering to two partners, the heating to Mr. Howard, and the papering and decorating to Rob Sully and myself, as I had been taking lessons in that art from him. As soon as the plaster was dry, we moved from the Gales and Dora went to work with a will, although store business and boarders were not at all to her taste. The building consisted of store, cellar, hall, dining room, kitchen, pantry and on the next floor a hall, bath room, six bedrooms, also an attic. The cost, including cement steps and walk, was \$3500. We tried to rent the store, but as we could not get the price, we opened up ourselves in September, and soon after took in boarders. We were getting on pretty well when my poor wife went down with neuritis. I never saw anyone suffer as much as she did. I got the best doctor on our street, and a specialist to help him, but they could not help her much. However, in time her strong heart and strong will put her on her feet in a very crippled state. I then took her to a masseuse and after taking twelve treatments she was much better and it set her up for years. In 1911 we built a cottage in the rear and rented it for \$18 a month as soon as ready.

I forgot to mention that in August Dora and I went to Toronto by boat to be present at Bill's wedding. It took place in a church on the 7th of August. John Tisdall met us at the dock with his car, and took us to his \$17000 house on Whitney Avenue, where we met Bill's intended, Eileen Patterson, and her father and mother, for the first time. The Pattersons were all very nice, and the old people had just enough of the Scotch accent to show they had come from the land of the thistle. The day after the marriage, Harry Tisdall drove us to the boat, and Mr. and Mrs. Patterson came to see us off, and we could see them waving their handkerchiefs until the boat was far out in the lake.

We had now made a success of our business, and with the rent of two cottages, eight boarders and the store to back it up, with groceries at wholesale price, we made good at every turn, and considering Dora and I were only old farmers, we fell into business ways pretty well. I paid for the goods in fifteen days and got my



Islanders
having lots in Kingston

No

33 Colin McKenzie

70 Bern Wemp

89 St. Maginn

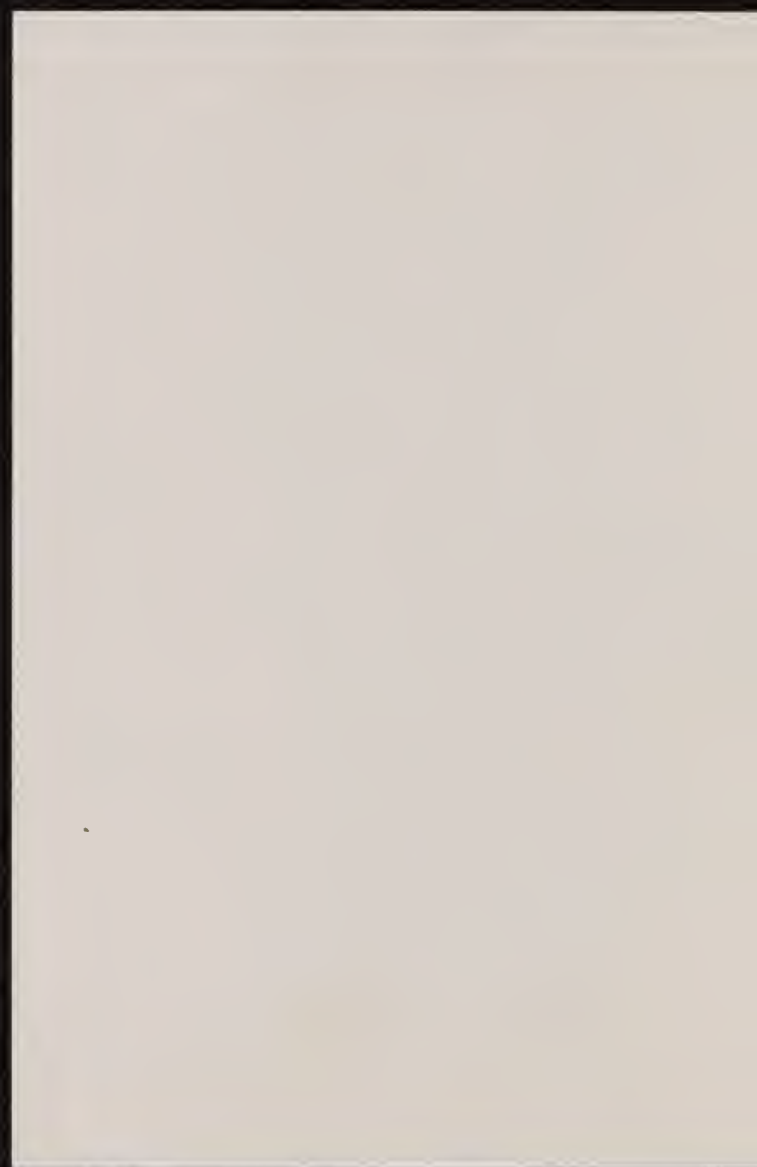
136 Colin McAnsey

154 Dan. McMullen

185 St. Howard

No Wemp in any township
in 1784-5, except a few lots in
Salisbury.

Wemp same in Salisbury census of 1783
He must have remained in England
until Sir John got Annapolis in 1796



discount, and kept a savings account in the bank instead of a checking account, and all the help we had was Lizzie Barrett. She was a good girl and very trustworthy, but could not learn the prices, and was always looking out for something the boarders would say to get offended. So we had to handle her like a soft shelled egg. I had by this time a small stock of small musical instruments, and their supplies, which was a business after my own heart. I could tune them all and show them off to the best advantage, but this all came to an end in the spring of 1912. Dora and I both took the grip and went down turn about, and then both together, and Lizzie took fright and left us. We had all kinds of help in the store. Lucy Sully came and nursed us for a week until we got a hired nurse. As soon as Dora could drag herself to her feet, she rented the store to a Greek candy dealer for \$35.00 a month, the kitchen and dining room included, and we had to be out in a month, with everything sold at slash prices, and the store newly papered. We had let our boarders go nearly a year before, and turned the upstairs into a flat at a cost of \$160, and rented it to the druggist next door.

When we moved to the Sullys, I was taken there on a stretcher. Rob and Lucy gave us their own room, and took the attic room themselves. If any people in the world deserve crowns of glory, they do. We can never repay them for all their goodness to us.

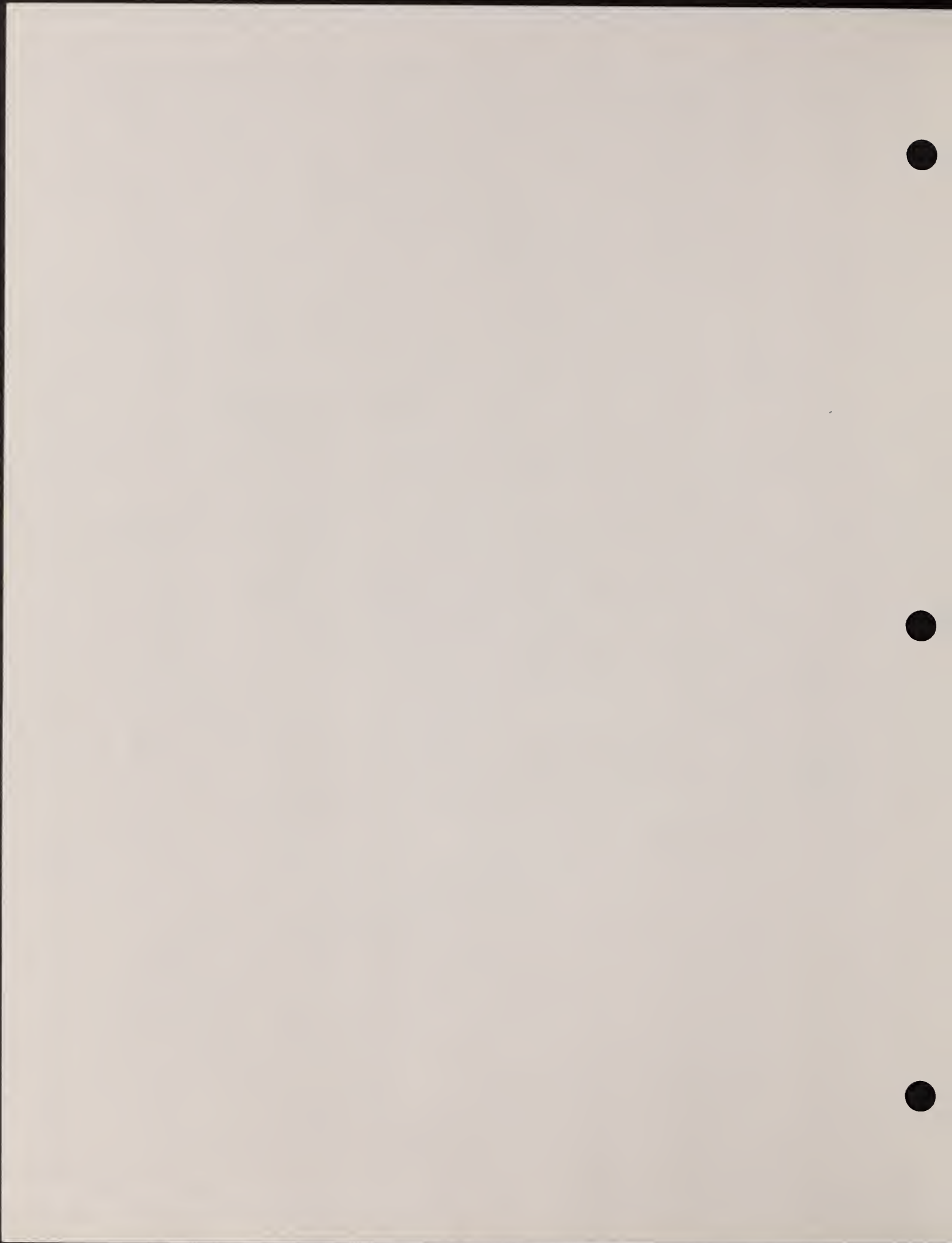
All I want to say about my illness is as a warning to others. My gums were in a bad state, and kept getting worse until, together with my nerves, I was nearly in convulsions. Our doctor said it would kill me to have my teeth out, but I begged and ordered until the dentist was got. The first tooth he pulled was a large back tooth and the next time he came he found the root of a wisdom tooth behind the big one. This root had been there for forty-six years, and every tooth in my head, when pulled, proved to be covered with pyorrhea. I would advise anyone taken ill without any apparent cause to have an X-ray taken of their mouth, as that is the only way it can be discovered at the roots of sound teeth. My teeth were so hard to pull and bled so much that the operation took three months.

With an increased rent on the rear cottage, and the auto drive, our property brings us in now a yearly rental of \$1200. We pay the metered water rate, which is small. I have \$1000 on my life in the Orange Mutual. So I am worth more dead than alive.

On the great battlefield of Life, there is a soul
in a Fortress, called Stephen....
This Fortress is becoming untenable,
But an Angel will carry the Soul to
A great City out of reach of the enemy....

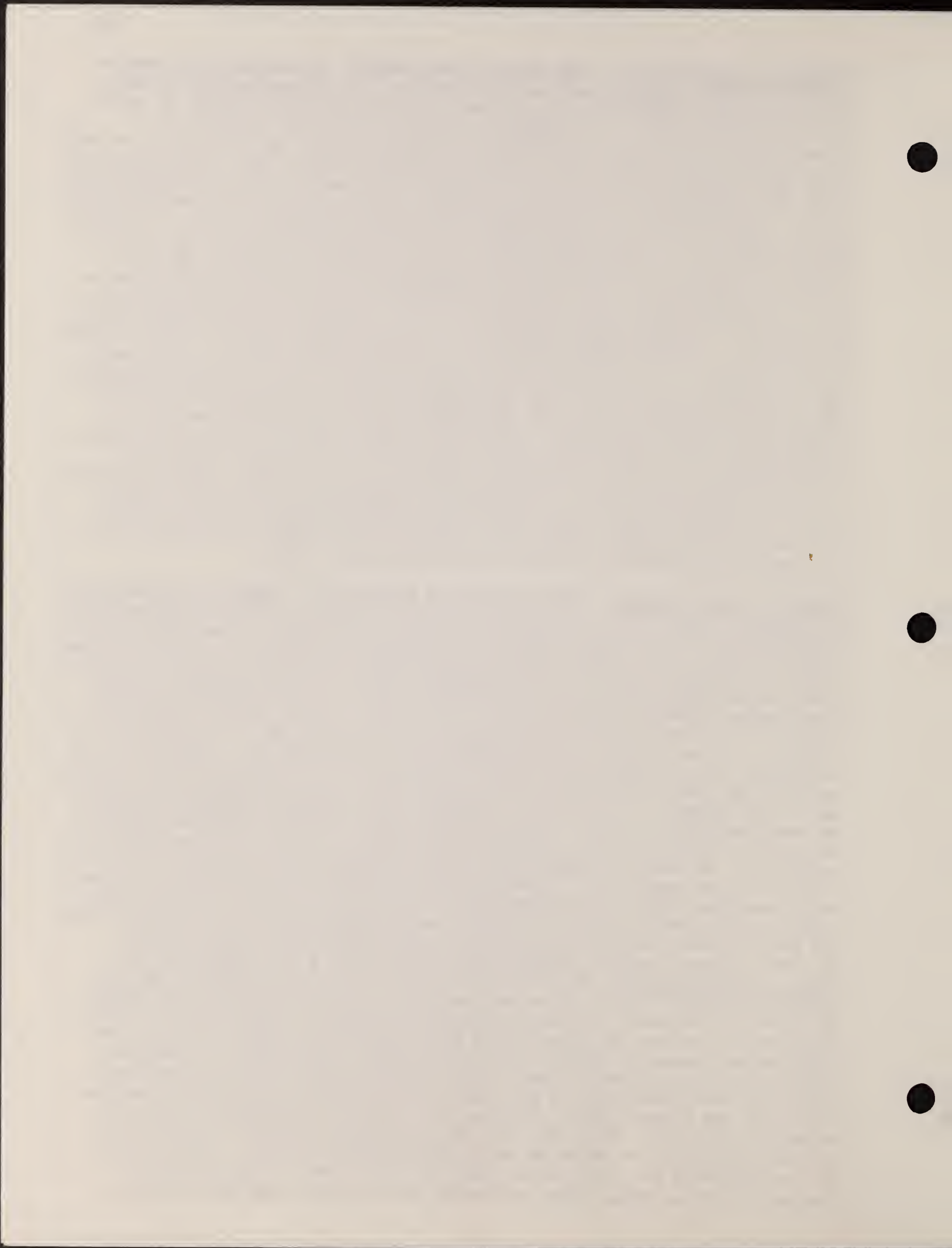
The Coffee Cup

A present from Allie to Stephen, when sick;
'Tis the best of good china, beautiful and thick.
I give it to Dora, my own loving wife;
She can will it away at the end of her life.



BRANCH D - Generation 6. [*My father's family-HRY*]. Following are my brother William's boys. Armstrong was born in Adelaide, Ontario on December 6, 1865. He never became strong. He is unmarried and lives in Cleveland with his step-brother, Chester Davis. John (Jack) was born in Allenburg, Ontario on December 12, 1867. He came to Buffalo with his parents. He was fond of the water, like his father, but had the good sense to stick to terra firma. But as he had a good head, he became an expert tuck-pointer. This was to put the finishing touch on brick skyscrapers. Before the Pan-American Exposition he got an appointment in Uncle Sam's mail service. Jack married Dora Gale on October 6, 1902. They have two children, Helen and Murray, and have a fine residence of their own on Colvin Avenue, Buffalo. In delivering mail, Jack had to keep a horse and rig until lately, but strange to say, he had the distinction of being the last to give up the horse in Buffalo. Only a short time ago his picture, with horse and rig, came out in the Sunday Buffalo Express. He also kept a top buggy for the use of his family. Francis (Frank) was born in Buffalo on September 28, 1870. He also was fond of the water and boating, but had a talent for machinery and became a good machinist. He married Mary Van Ord July 25, 1895. They had four children, two of whom died young, the other two, Mary and Loren, have grown up tall and strong. About two years ago Frank sold his property in the city and bought a 25-acre farm some 30 miles out. They keep a horse, cow and chickens, and carry on gardening quite extensively, and the rest of the farm in grain and hay. Frank has now two strings to his bow, as he continued his work in the city while the family manage the farm. Frank has been a good husband, and a kind father, and he and his family have been regular attendants at some Protestant church. Jack and Frank lost their good mother, Kate Radcliff Davis, June 15, 1911. She was born in Drummondville in 1844, so her age at death was 67.

BRANCH D - Generation 6. [*Uncle Stephen's family-HRY*]. Frank, our first-born, was born April 16, 1882. He was a large child, and grew up to be a handsome and clever boy. He got on well at school until he was twelve, when he began to contract bad colds. The school house was a mile and a half from our farm. This was a long way for two boys to walk through all kinds of weather, as well as mud and snow, but at fifteen he got a public school "leaving" and at sixteen I got him into Charles Wright's hardware store in Strathroy. He was there two years, but they sent him to unload machinery and lift against fullgrown men. He could not stand it. He came home, and I discovered the boy was used up. The upshot of it was that we had to send him to Pierce's Hospital in Buffalo for treatment. They cured him in about five weeks, and the total cost to me was \$150, but his mother and I were thankful. He then got a position in a wholesale hardware in Toronto, and was there about a year. Then he travelled for a paint company and then for the Scranton School. This was very uncertain kind of work, as it was mostly on commission. He then came home for a couple of months to rest up, and after that went to Chicago where he got a position in an immense hardware concern. He was only there about three months when he got typhoid fever and had to go to a hospital where he died in spite of all that could be done for him. I think you know the rest. Frank's body lies in our lot in the English Church cemetery of St. Ann's Church, Adelaide Village where, please God, I will soon join him. William Adamson Radcliff was born April 4, 1884. Bill was a good boy from the cradle to manhood. He got on so well at school that he passed for high school at the age of thirteen. He then turned in and helped me on the farm. It was a pleasure to work with Bill, for he did what he was told, and did it well. He was a better plowman at sixteen than any hired man I ever had. At seventeen, Bill took a Scranton School course and studied at home. When he was eighteen, I wrote to John Tisdall and he gave Bill a recommendation to Evan Begg, who was high up in the Dominion Bank. Bill was sent for soon, and passed the bank examination in Toronto. They only gave him three days to report in Toronto, but he had to come home to report to us and get his trunk packed. I gave him \$26 for pocket money, all I had at the time, and off he went. They sent him to Montreal the first thing. The bank he was sent to had 23 men in it already,

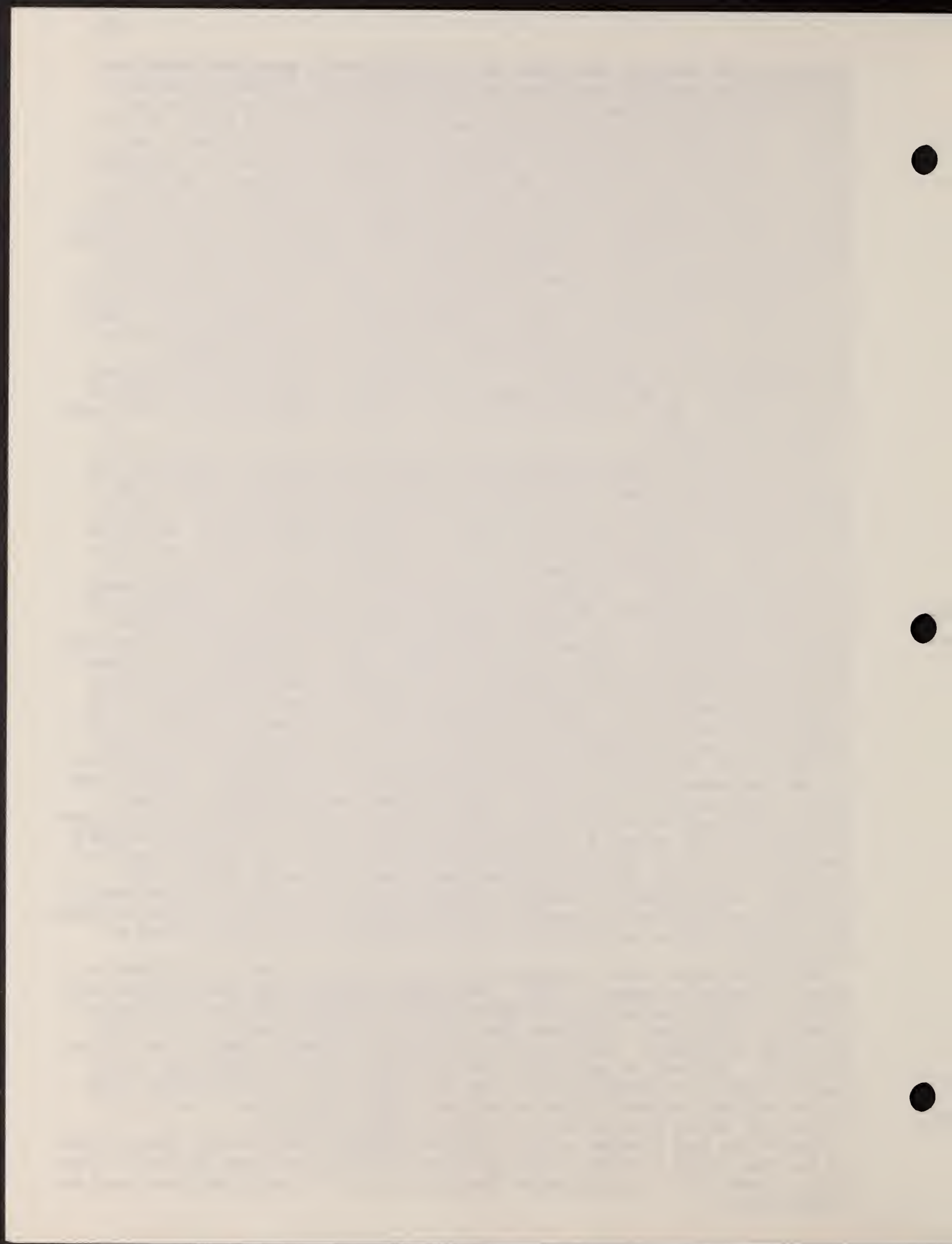


so his job for the first six months was to peddle drafts among the French habitants and when winter came on, this was very cold work. The next winter Bill had a better time as snowshoeing was all the go in Montreal for both men and ladies. They took long walks into the country over six feet of snow. He also participated in the toboggan exercises on the best and longest slide in the world. Next year he was moved to Belleville, and was taken down with pleurisy. As soon as he was fit to travel, he came home on leave of absence. The \$26 I gave him he had in the bank until he got sick, and he used it to come home and return! With his mother's loving care he was able to return to the bank, but on examination by the doctor, he was advised a change, and was sent up to Huntsville, Muskoka, where the work in the bank was light. Bill then got a canoe, and got quite strong paddling with bare head and arms. He also belonged to a deer hunting club and sent us part of his share of the venison. He got a deer's head and neck mounted, a five year old buck. I never saw so good a specimen, and I doubt if \$100 would buy it. Bill was not getting \$600 a year, and the bank moved him to Winnipeg and gave him a raise of \$200. He got a room and breakfast at Helen Baeirsto's for \$20 a month. Bill was six feet two inches tall, long body and very strong, so he joined a rowing club. And now comes the great adventure of Bill's life. Dora has a full account of it in her scrap-book, but I will give a sketch of it here.

On Winnipeg Lake there is a beach and the usual way was to go there by train, but it was costly, so the club decided to paddle to the beach. There were five canoes, and three in each one. When they got within five miles of the beach, I suppose, a squall came up. The head two canoes got to shore all right, but the two last ones capsized. Bill and Baldwin and another fellow were in the middle of the canoe. As Baldwin was the only one who could swim, they made for shore, and got there. Bill then started to run the five miles to the beach where the Drummonds had a launch. He met a boy on horseback on the way. He commandeered the horse, pulled the boy off, then galloped to Camping Beach and found Drummond and his launch at home. A rescuing party was made up and they rushed to the scene of the disaster. One man was nearly dead, but they managed to get them all safe on board after one and a half hours in the water. The upshot of the adventure was that they lost three canoes, and six men would have been lost only for Bill's presence of mind. They were all laid up part of the camping time. Bill suffered the longest from riding the bare-back horse, but he was the hero of the disaster and was recommended for a medal from the Humane Society, but they did not grant one. Bill was then moved to Selkirk, where he organized a rowing club and won two races against the club he had belonged to in Winnipeg. Bill was soon moved to Brandon and at the age of twenty-five was sent to Melville to open a branch there, and was made manager. The reason he was made manager over the heads of others was that he was a practical man and could tell how much money to lend a farmer on a tract of wheat or a team of horses and wagon. The Dominion Bank had too many men on their staff who did not know wheat from barley or peas from potatoes. The building was erected and owned by the bank, but was burned down in about two years and was not rebuilt, so Bill was taken to travel with the inspector for a time. Next he was appointed to the managership of the Dominion Bank at Medicine Hat.


He then was given leave of absence and came to Toronto where he was married to Eileen Patterson on August 7, 1912. The wedding presents they received were beautiful and costly, and amounted to many hundreds of dollars in value. Before returning to their home, they spent some time at the Muskoka Lakes, and then paid us a visit in Buffalo. They now have one beautiful daughter, Betty. She is five years old. Bill and his wife have a house of their own in Medicine Hat, and he never forgets us at Christmas or to send his mother a ten on her birthday. Bill is now getting a salary of \$3000 a year and I don't think it is too much for us to say that we are proud of our son, William Adamson Radcliff.

My wife has just informed me that Bill was manager of the Delorane Dominion Bank at the time of his marriage, so it was there he took his wife and all their belongings to their first home in Western Canada, but in a few months they were moved to Medicine Hat.

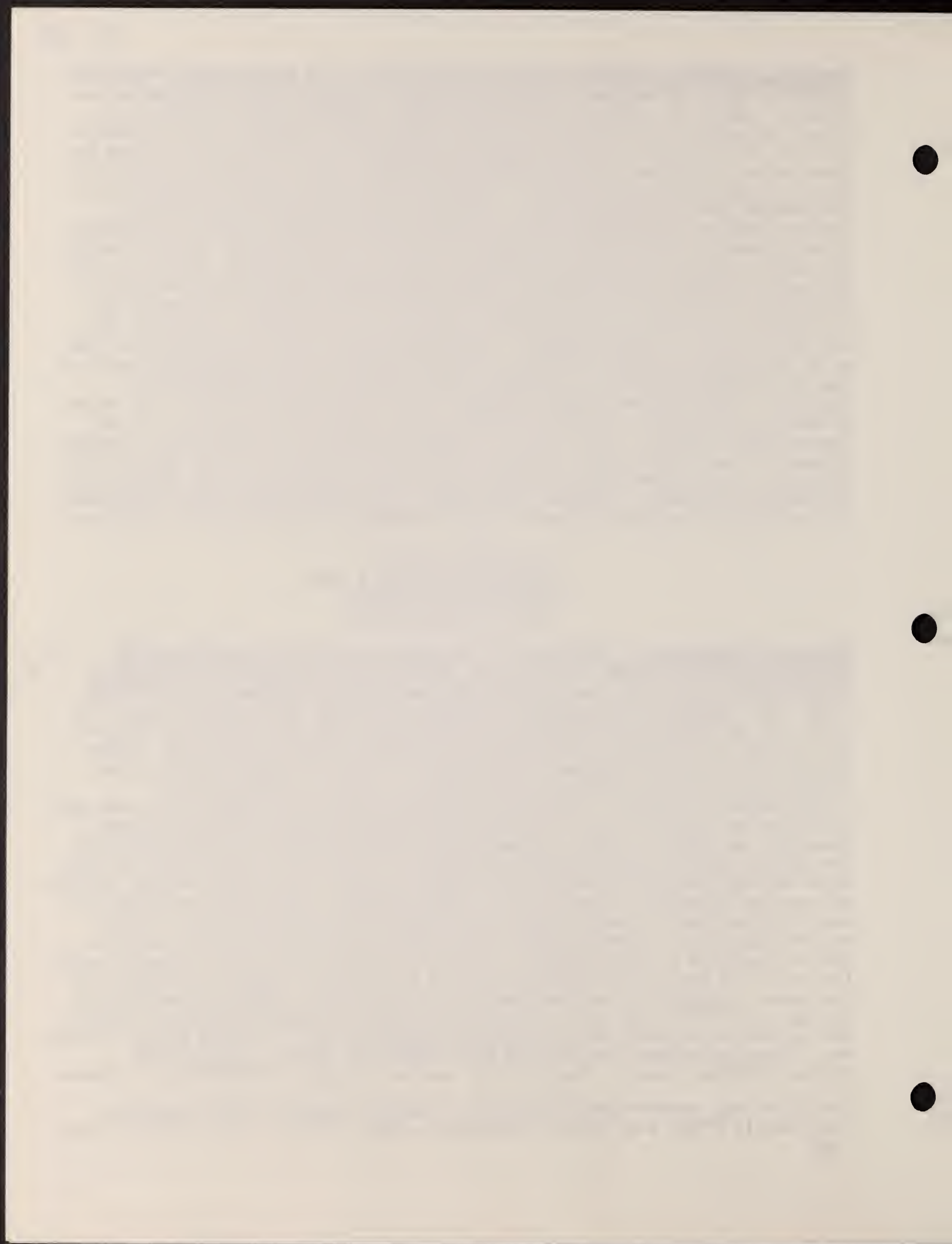


Frederick Armstrong Radcliff was born July 11, 1891. He was the first red-headed Radcliff, but if it had taken place a day later, his hair might have been orange. Anyway, I could not celebrate that 12th of July. Armstrong did not get on at school as well as the other boys. He had trouble with his eyes, and the teacher got down on him, so we took him away from school and he helped me on the farm for some years. Armstrong was built well, and a swift runner, taking many prizes at Strathroy and Watford fall shows. He was troubled more or less with catarrh and was treated successfully for that. We sent him to the Commercial College in London where he did remarkably well. He then went to Toronto and got a position in an insurance office, which he held a long time. After that he joined a surveying party and went west as far as Edmonton, and from there north, but when it came to camping in March so far north he got used up and had hard work to get back to Edmonton. By chance he met a lady who had been a Miss Garnett. She acted the good Samaritan, took him in and cured his wounds. He then went to Winnipeg and got into the Beaver Lumber Company. Armstrong came to Buffalo to see us and told us he was going to marry a Toronto girl soon, but he had to return to his work, so the girl followed him west. Armstrong and Elizabeth Hedges were married in Winnipeg. They have one daughter, Helen. They moved to Ocean Falls, B. C. where he had a good position in a paper manufacturing concern, but the hours were so long he had to give it up and came to Vancouver where he is employed in a shipyard company at the present time. Helen is now two years old, and a fine healthy child. Armstrong is now learning telegraphing which will command much higher pay than he is getting at present. Elizabeth is a good, level-headed wife, a good housekeeper, can make all her own clothes and can also do office work when able to leave home.

In the near future
They expect to have a son,
So he and sister Helen
Will have lots of fun.

BRANCH D - Generation 6. [*Children of the Major's daughter, Mary Ellen-HRY] 
"The Gales", Robert Leake and Mary Ellen Radcliff Gale: Ellie married Reginald
Fowler of Amherst Island, and they had one son, Reginald Charles, at whose birth
Ellie died. Thomas A. and William Gale (Gus and Willie) were born on Amherst Is-
land. Gus married Emily Hungerford. They had four boys and two girls. Gus went
into private banking with John Tisdall in Elora for a while until he got a posi-
tion as a fire insurance adjuster in Toronto. He died in middle life of heart
trouble, but left his family well provided for. They own their house at
4 North Street, Toronto.** William Gale farmed for many years next to us, then sold
out, moved to Strathroy and lived there until the year before the Pan-American
Exposition in Buffalo, 1901. They made some money in Buffalo in partnership with
the Sullys, feeding hungry exposition visitors. The next year they bought a large
store at 1005 Tonawanda Street with two flats over it. They have been very success-
ful and the business is running still. They own three houses also, and their pro-
perty all told must be worth \$15000. They have one son and four girls. Robert
married Laura Jury, Harriet married Percy Davis, Dora (Dollie) was a teacher be-
fore her marriage to Jack Radcliff. Mary was very clever and a high school teacher.
Lucy is in the store at present, and Mr. and Mrs. Gale and Mary are in Florida for
the winter. Robert Gale married Miss Murphy of St. Paul. They have one boy John
and one girl Mary. They live in St. Cloud, Minnesota. Lucy and Fanny Gale live on
Richton Avenue, Highland Park, Michigan. They have a nice house and garden of their
own. Fanny is the good girl who did this typewriting for me. Charles Gale
married Madeline Hayward. They have one daughter Madeline, and they live at Boston.

[**William Gale married Sarah Ann Adamson (Annie), a sister of Uncle Stephen's
wife Dora]. [*This same William Gale was my mother's father - my Grandfather Gale]
HRY



BRANCH D - Generation 6. [*Children of the Major's daughter Elizabeth-HRY].

"The Tisdalls", Frederick Tisdall and Elizabeth Radcliff Tisdall:

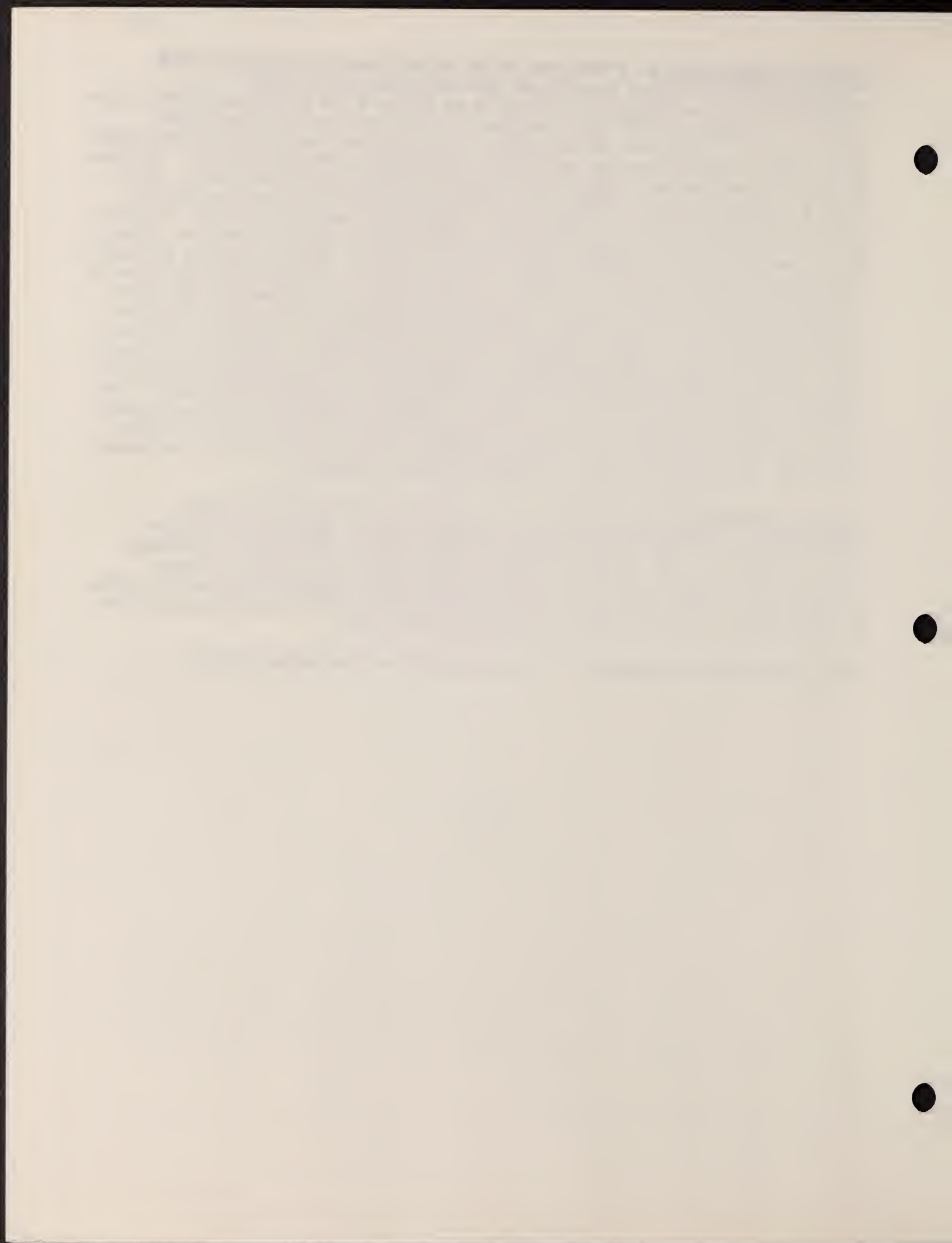
Rebecca Ann, called "Pearlie" was born in my father's old log house in 1852. She married Hugh Kiefer. They had a boy and a girl. Later on Pearlie married Frank Simpson. They have one son, Rupert. Mr. Simpson died in little more than middle life. Pearlie has her own house at 692 Spadina Avenue, Toronto. She goes to Florida every winter. John O. P. Tisdall was born 1854 in Adelaide. When quite a boy he went into the grocery business in Thorold and when he sold out of that he had made \$6000. He then went into banking with T. A. Gale. When they dissolved partnership he started a bank in Clinton with another partner. John made a lot of money in Clinton, after which he went to Buffalo and in a partnership in wholesale drygoods, he told me he lost \$20000. He then sold his house in Buffalo and moved to Toronto. When he was in Clinton he married Frances Hoare of Strathroy. They have two sons, Charles and Frederick. John has a fine residence at 14 Whitney Avenue, Toronto and is very well off. He lends money and speculates in stock. Harry Tisdall was born in Adelaide. When he left Strathroy he went to Thorold to his brother. He then went selling pictures and magazines, and made some money in the perfume business. He married May Fitch. They have five daughters and one son. He has a jewelry business at 150 Yonge Street, Toronto and has made quite a fortune. Helen Tisdall married a lawyer, William Bairsto. They had two sons. One died young; the other, Ralph, is a bank manager. They all live in Winnipeg, Manitoba and are well off.

BRANCH D - Generation 6. [*Children of the Major's daughter Fannie-HRY].

"The Buckes", George Bucke and Fannie Radcliff Bucke: Helen Bucke married Henry Carstairs. They had one daughter Helen, who is very clever. Carstairs died and Helen married Charles Proctor, a storekeeper in Coronna, Ontario. Her mother is living with them now, and is very ill. Charles Bucke is on a farm at Wilkesport, Ontario. Two of his daughters are married. His oldest boy died at about twenty. The younger boy is about eleven now.

This is the end of Generation 6 of the Radcliffs on the mother's side.

* *
*



John C. Clark Diary.

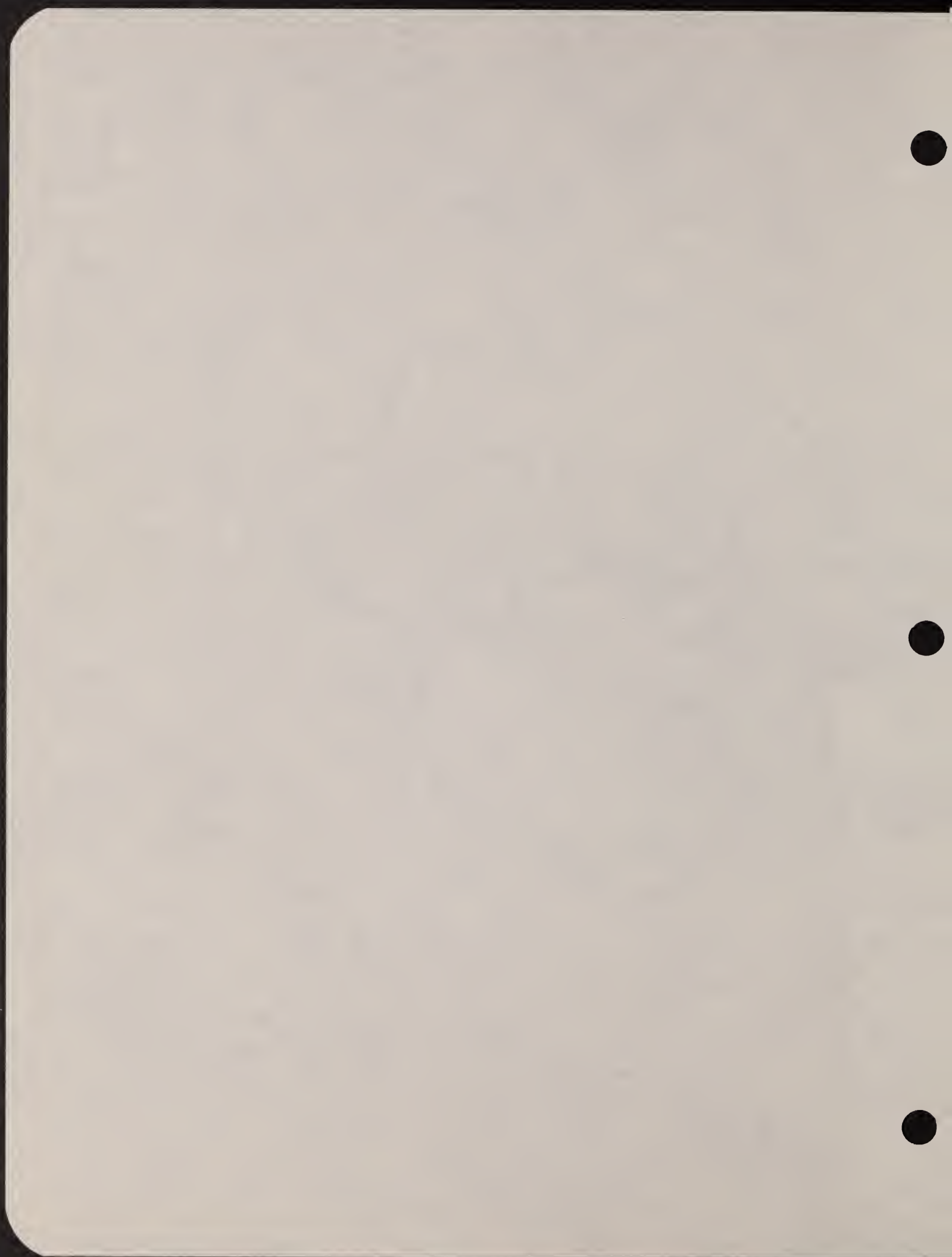
Page 41

1841 June 6

Col. Radcliff (Amherst Island) died, short
illness.

1842 March 13

Govt. Stuart and Mr. Radcliffe had each
a horse drowned near Bath.



MISCELLANY

My Silver Locket: Dr. William Kingsley, a doctor in the English Army in India, brought it from India to his aunt in Ireland, Miss Dora Adamson (sister of George Adamson, my grandmother's father). Aunt Dora sent it to Gram in 1897, Aunt Dora having had it since about 1875.

OUR Cameo: Originally belonged to the "Sky Pilot", the Rev. John Radcliff, brother of the Major and the Colonel. He came to Canada around the time that the Major and the Colonel did and was the first rector of Warwick parish, but he soon returned to Ireland. It wasn't until he returned to Canada in his old age, after his wife had died, that he gave the cameo to Gram's Aunt Eliza, the wife of Richard Radcliff (Gram's mother's youngest brother). Some time later she sold it to Flo Dew, Gram's first cousin (Gram's mother and Cousin Flo's father were brother and sister). As Cousin Flo has no daughters, around 1939 she gave it to Gram, stating that it was to be given to Mom and then to me. It depicts Hebe giving a drink to Jupiter, in the form of an eagle.

The Colonel's Children:

(died young)

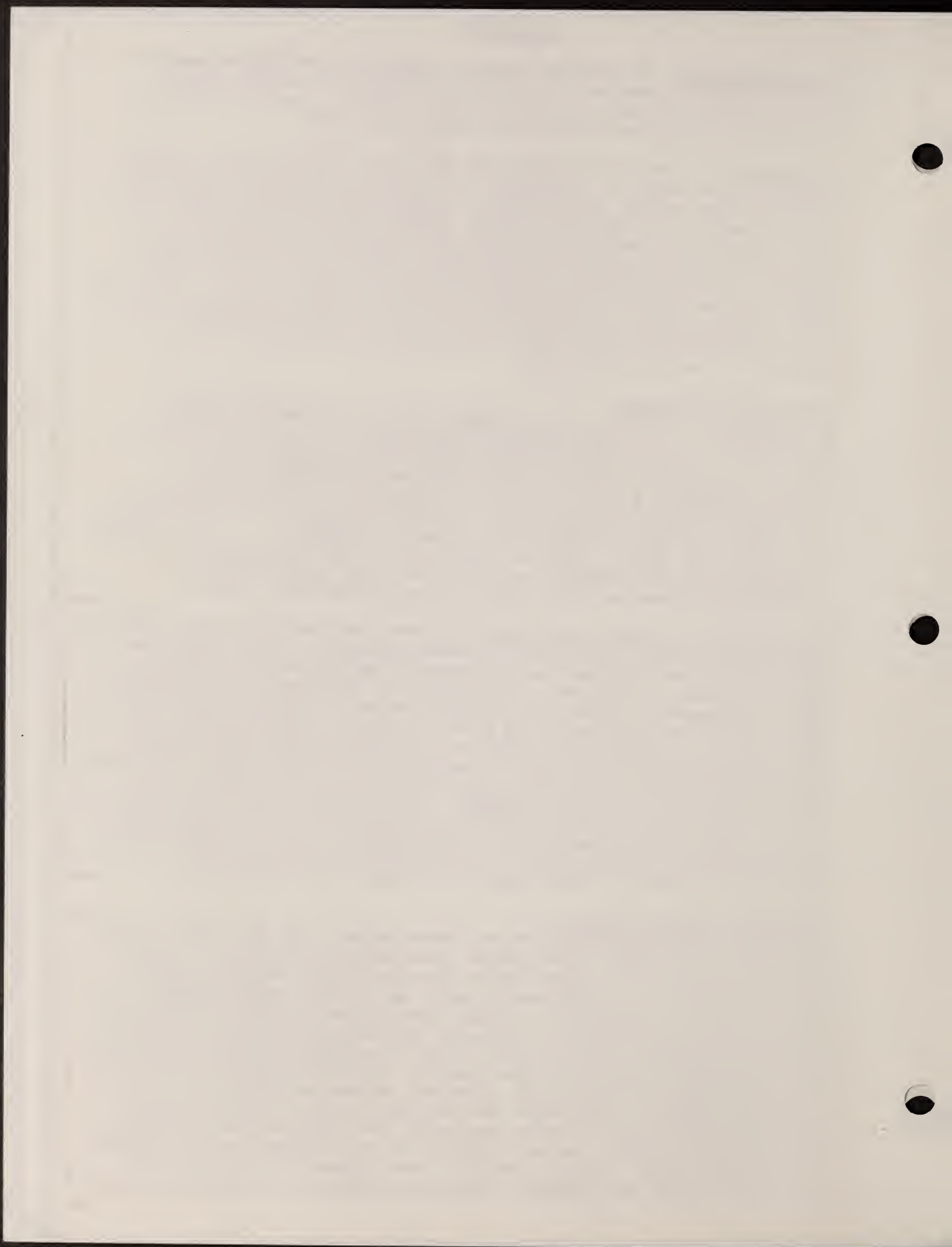
1. Rebecca - B. Sept. 5, 1823 at Castle Coote, Co. Roscommon, Ireland
2. Elizabeth - B. April 22, 1825 at Castle Coote, Co. Roscommon, Ireland
3. Thomas - B. Oct. 1, 1826 at Castle Coote, Co. Roscommon, Ireland
4. John - B. Nov. 9, 1828 at Richmond Penitentiary, Dublin, Ireland
5. Florinda Anne - B. Aug. 7, 1830 at N. Circular Rd., Dublin, Ireland
6. Stephen - B. Mar. 28, 1833 at Mt. Clarence, Township of Adelaide, Upper
7. William - B. Feb. 6, 1835 at Mt. Clarence, Adelaide Canada
8. Richard - B. April 9, 1838 at Amherstburg in the Western District while his father commanded that frontier during the Rebellion.

The Colonel, Thomas Radcliff, departed this life on June 5, 1841.

Mud Walls of House Defy Time Ravages (Excerpt from the Toronto Globe 1939)
Near Stella, Amherst Island at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, is a mud house erected 100 years ago and probably the only one of its kind on the North American continent. It should be of archeological and historical interest because it differs from the adobe houses of the southwest in that the mud walls were moulded in one piece. They were evidently built in a form and the clay mixed with straw, was tramped into place with saplings imbedded about six inches apart. A correspondent of the Toronto Globe says the house was built for a British army officer who sent to Ireland for a mechanic skilled in such construction. In the latter country there are many similar houses, other building material being scarce. The walls of the Amherst Island house were made 11 ft. high and 4 ft. thick and were originally plastered but now are protected by clapboards. Other than that, no changes or repairs have been made in the century of its existence.

Obituary - Reginald Fowler:

Reginald Amherst Fowler was born at Amherst Island, July 25, 1845. He was the son of Daniel and E. Gale Fowler, both English, and his father was a prominent water color artist. He was educated at Rev. John May's private school, Kingston. On September 29, 1881, the late Mr. Fowler married Rachael Ann, only daughter of the late John B. Howard of Amherst Island and had one son and three daughters - Reginald Charles* and Florence, Ada being married, while Edna lived at home. He was a successful farmer and president of the Amherst Island Mutual Fire Insurance Company. He served in the Red River Expedition in 1870 in Gen. Wolseley's forces and marched through the forests in winter to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, in No. 5 Company, Ontario Rifles. He was reeve of Amherst Island for five years and Warden of Lennix and Addington in 1903. He was first elected to the Legislature in 1914 and re-elected in 1919. He was formerly a Lieut. Colonel in the militia and was known for his keen interest in movements designed to advance the nation-



al welfare.

Reginald Charles was a son by his first wife, not here mentioned, who died when her son was born - Ellen Gale, daughter of Robert Leake Gale and Mary Ellen Radcliff Gale.

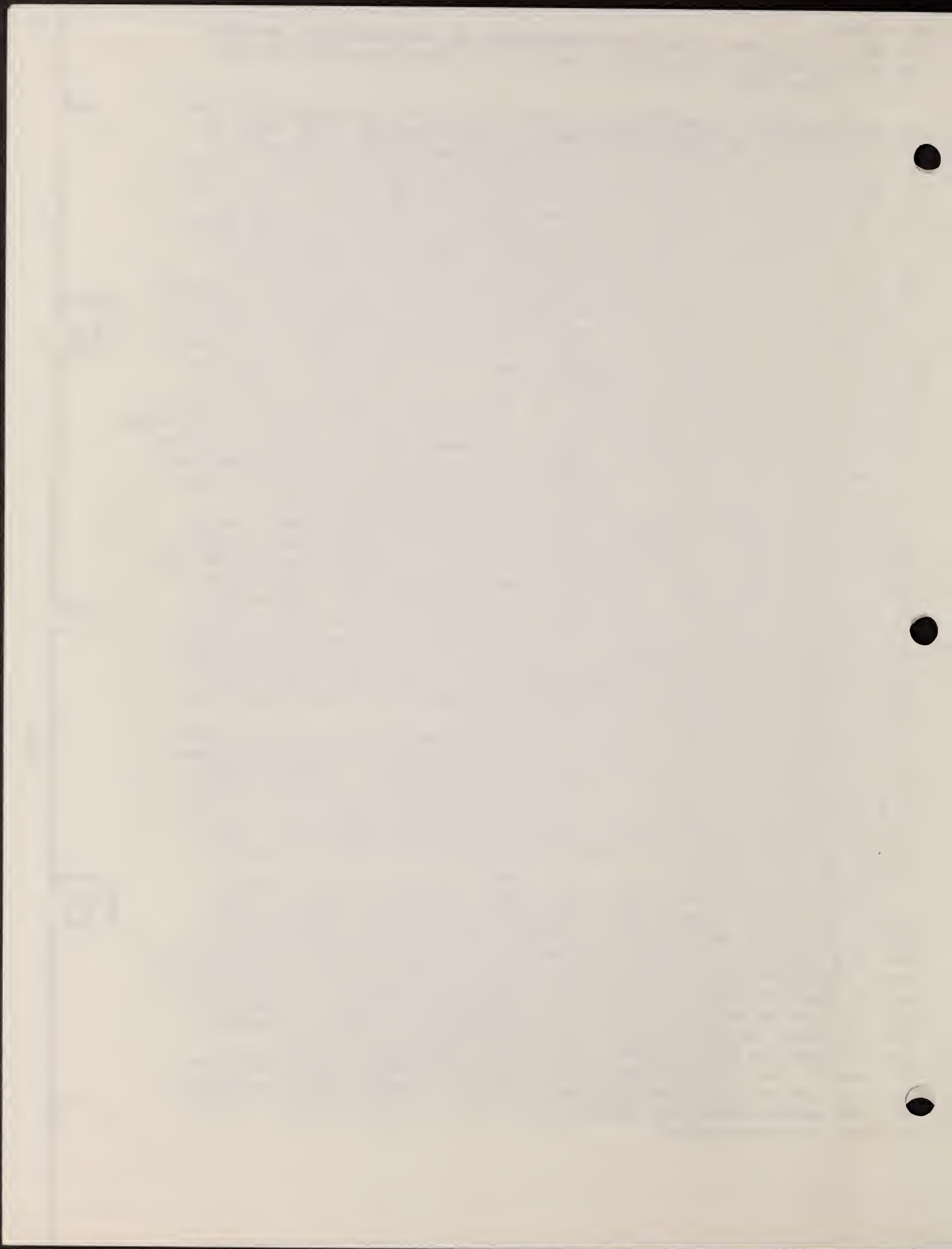
The late Mrs. Gale: (Taken from a newspaper April 1909 - my great-grandmother) short sketch of the life of the late Mrs. Gale of Detroit, Mich. will, no doubt, be read with interest by her many friends and relations who are not conversant with the facts. Mary Ellen Radcliff was born on the 24th of March, 1829 at the Rev. Thomas Radcliff's Glebe House, near the city of Dublin, Ireland, he being her grandfather. She was the first child of Major William Radcliff and Rebecca Armstrong. They all emigrated to Canada in 1832, embarking on the 21st of May. Their long voyage was attended with much hardship, and a great storm took place while they were on the sea, not arriving at Toronto, then Little York, till the 13rd of July. There was a delay in Toronto of over a month, when little Mary was presented with her baby sister Elizabeth. The journey was then continued by water to Hamilton and thence by Brantford to Delaware village in a wagon. The family then put up with people by the name of Lowwood, near the village and resided there for six weeks, while her father was having a log house constructed on lot 13, con. 1, township of Adelaide. After teaming the heavy luggage from Port Stanley, the family moved into their new abode, surrounded by a dense forest that was then infested with packs of wolves which often kept little Mary awake as they followed in full cry after the deer. Five years after this the McKenzie rebellion broke out and little Mary was taken with the rest of the family to Amherstburg, it being the headquarters of the Adelaide Militia Regiment during the greater part of the disturbance.

The family lived in Amherstburg for nearly a year and during that time the town was bombarded by the rebel schooner, "Anne", but she was captured shortly afterwards by Colonel Radcliff with his militiamen. So the little girl had the honor of being under fire. The next move was to London where they wintered and after the disbanding of the soldiers, the family went to Adelaide for a short time. On the 24th of March 1839, being Mary's tenth birthday, a start was made for Amherst Island where her father became land agent for Lord Mount-cashel. Miss Radcliff received the rudiments of a lady's education and music from her mother, and other branches from a tutor. She became a very pleasing performer on the piano and excelled in singing Scotch melodies with her sister Elizabeth, taking the alto part herself.

On the 13th of May, 1847, Mary E. Radcliff was married to Robert Leake Gale an English artist and they resided on the Island until the fall of 1860, when Mr. and Mrs. Gale moved up to Adelaide with their family. They first lived on a farm for a year, then in the village for some years, and after that on a farm of their own, where Mr. Gale died on the 12th of May, 1872. Mrs. Gale finding her family mostly grown up, moved to Strathroy in the fall of 1875, leaving her son, William, on the farm, who was married to Miss Adamson of Oil Springs shortly after.

The family now with her, consisted of three boys and two girls, Thomas Augustus Gale, the oldest, after a time took a position in Johnson's bank, Robert and Charlie going to school, while Lucy and Fannie remained at home. Mrs. Gale resided in Strathroy for upwards of 12 years, moving to Windsor, where a number of years were spent and lastly to Detroit, where she lived with her two daughters until the days of her death which took place in April 1909. Mrs. Gale was the mother of four sons and four daughters, but as Elizabeth (Bessy), Ellen and Thomas Augustus had predeceased her, there are now five left to mourn her loss, William, Lucy, Robert, Frances and Charles.

Mrs. Gale's long life has been marked by industry, generosity and Christian charity. Her wise financial management has been a lasting benefit to all her children and her whole life has proved her to be a dutiful daughter, a good wife and a devoted mother.



MISCELLANY

Upper Canada Land Grants:

The Colonel was given a grant of 600 acres in Adelaide. He bought 400 more and the Major bought 400. In 1837-8 both families were stationed in Amherstburg, Ont. during the McKenzie Rebellion. At the close of the war they went to Kingston. Colonel Radcliff appointed by the Crown as Member of Parliament and Major Radcliff became agent for Lord Mountcashel on Amherst Island. Later they both lived on the Island. The Colonel had a mud house built and the Major lived in the agent's house, both near what is now Stella.

Great-grandfather and Great-grandmother Gale:

Robert Leake Gale - Born 1810 - Died 1872	Married in 1847, at which
Mary Ellen Gale - Born 1829 - Died 1909	time he was 37 and she 18.

Children of Thomas Augustus Gale (Lawyer) & Lucy Leake (d. of Robt. Martin Leake)

1. Mary (m. a Mr. Hamilton)
2. Lucy (m. Judge Francillon) Children Robert, Henry and Edith.
3. Fannie (m. a Mr. Brownjohn) No children.
4. Anne (spinster).
5. Bessie (m. Daniel Fowler) Children Annie, William, Caroline, Reginald, Fannie.
6. Thomas Augustus (died unmarried).
7. Robert Leake (m. Mary Ellen Radcliff) Children Ellen (married Reginald Fowler and died in childbirth), Augustus (married Emily Hungerford), William (married Sarah Anne Adamson), Lucy (unmarried), Bessie (died at age of six), Robert (married Louise Murphy), Fannie (unmarried), Charles (married Madeline Hayward).
8. Charles Francis (m.) Children Walter, Eva, Frank, Kate, Arthur, Ernest, Nona, Maui, Reginald Leake, Elsie, Courtenay.

Copy of letter written Christmas 1938 to Gale Kelley in Nassau:

Dear Gale: When your Mother and Grandmother visited us a year ago this summer, we were looking over some old family photographs. My Grandmother Gale had just given me two photographs of my great-great-grandfather and grandmother Gale. Your mother said she would like to have miniatures of them for you, so I planned having a pair done last Christmas, but so many things happened all at once in our family that my good intentions never materialized. So now I'm sending you photographic copies and I have tooled the Gale family crest on the little leather case - it's a very aristocratic looking unicorn, don't you think so?

Now I'll tell you as much as I have been able to find out about these lovely old great-great-grandparents of yours. The gentleman is Thomas Augustus Gale. I do not know where he was born in England but he lived in Cheltenham in his later years. He was a lawyer and married a Miss Lucy Leake.

As far as I can find out, your great-great grandparents had eight children.

Mary who married a Mr. Hamilton

Lucy who married Judge Francillon

Fannie who married a Mr. Brownjohn

Anne (did not marry)

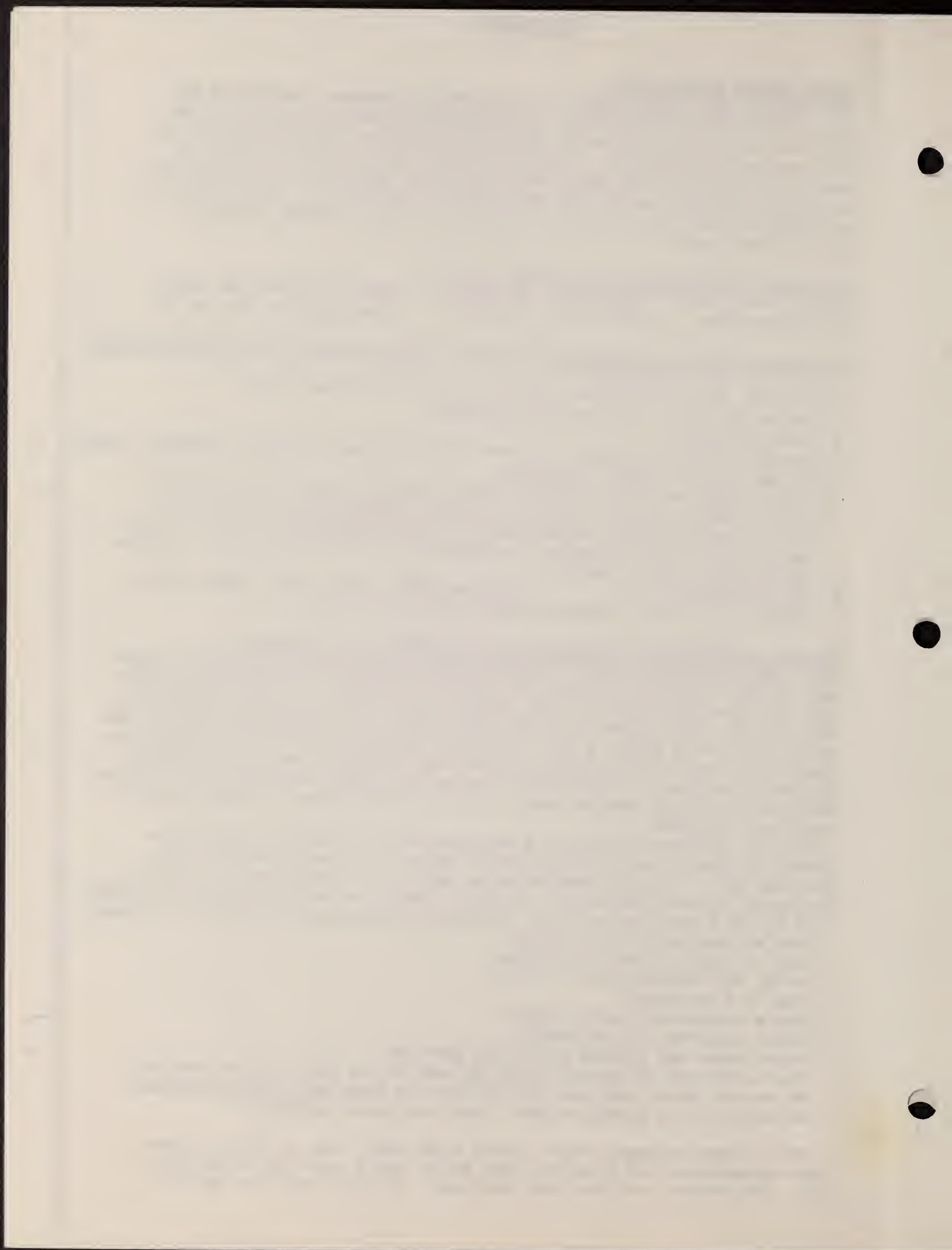
Bessie who married Daniel Fowler

Thomas Augustus (did not marry)

Robert Leake who married Mary Ellen Radcliff

Charles Francis (I couldn't find the name of the young lady he married, but an old letter said she had Red hair, was young and could undoubtedly be molded to her husband's ways - they had eleven children!

Their second youngest child, Robert Leake Gale, born in 1810, is your great-grandfather and I believe your mother has a miniature of him which your Aunt Frances sent her some years ago. He was a very fine artist,



painting almost entirely in water color. I am sending you one of his paintings with Windsor Castle in the distance. When he was a young man in England he had two very dear friends who were also artists, Daniel Fowler and Edward Lear. You'll hear of Mr. Fowler later. Edward Lear, although a fine artist, became famous through the limericks and jingles he wrote to amuse his many little friends. So many people liked them that he had them published, together with his silly but clever illustrations. Of course you've heard his "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" which is very catchy, set to music. So much for Mr. Lear.

The story goes that great-grandfather Gale was engaged to marry the sister of Daniel Fowler. The three artists travelled to Italy in 1835 where they painted many Roman scenes in their sketch books. Shortly after they returned to England, Daniel Fowler's sister died and great-grandfather Gale is said never to have painted after that, which accounts for the fact that quite a few of his paintings are unfinished.

Several years later Daniel Fowler married Bessie Gale, your great-grandfather's sister and they came to Canada. Friends of theirs in England gave them letters of introduction to Major William Radcliff, who, after the McKenzie Rebellion (about 1837) became land agent for Lord Mountcashel and moved to Amherst Island, a very pretty island in the St. Lawrence River, west of the Thousand Islands. Daniel Fowler and his young wife visited the Major's family on Amherst Island and made many friends. In those days the Parliament Buildings were at Kingston, Ontario, on the mainland just a stone's throw from the Island. Colonel Thomas Radcliff, the Major's brother, was a member of parliament and life was very pleasant at Amherst Island.

After their visit, Mr. Fowler travelled all through Canada to ~~British Columbia~~ and back to Amherst Island where he bought a small farm called "The Cedars" with a charming house, a tenant house and lovely big trees, right on the river. He said he had not found such a beautiful spot in all of Canada.

After they were settled in their new home, your great-grandfather Robert Gale came to visit Daniel and his sister Bessie Gale Fowler. There was a good deal of excitement about this visit and the children of the various families heard their parents talking about Bessie Fowler's brother, so when the ferry arrived from Kingston with the new visitor, many of them were there - in the background, of course, as well behaved children of a century ago! Two little girls were especially excited and went home and told their mothers that Mr. Gale was the most handsome man they had ever seen; that he was just exactly like the hero in a book they had just been reading - one of Sir Walter Scott's. One of those little girls was Mary Ellen Radcliff, the Major's daughter, who later married the man she so admired.

How long he stayed at Amherst Island on that first visit, I do not know, or whether he came more than once. But, in 1847 when he was 37 years old, he left England for the last time, came to Amherst Island and married Mary Ellen Radcliff, who was then 18 years old.

They lived on Amherst Island for several years during which time they had four children, Ellen, Augustus, William and Lucy. They then moved to a farm in Adelaide, Ont. Elizabeth (Bessie), Robert, Frances and Charles were born in Adelaide. Their youngest baby Charles, your grandfather Gale, was born in 1868, and four years later his father died - 1872, at the age of 62.

And so, in this short time, we've covered over a century and a half, three generations, to your darling Grandfather Gale who you remember, your mother is the fourth generation and you are the fifth - a Kelly, but still a Gale!

